

never abandoned the doctrine of right divine, M. Biré would hardly have failed to find a virtue in every instance and in every trait of character where he now detects a vice. These volumes do not represent the grave voice of justice; they suggest rather the shrill rancour of a sacristan inveighing against a visitor who has refused to contribute to the coffers of his church.

The purely literary criticism contained in this book is scant in comparison with the fulness of its biographical detail. Hugo's present censor reluctantly admits that the poet is "a sovereign master of rhythm and imagery;" but he deliberately prefers to him Lamartine, and hints that he would fain profess what Gautier, falling foul of Taine, called "l'idiotisme bourgeois" which sets Musset above the author of "La Légende des Siècles." Many Frenchmen to-day rank Lamartine higher than Hugo; most foreigners, perhaps, find more pleasure in Musset. But, as M. Biré notes with satisfaction, Lamartine died pressing a crucifix to his lips; Musset, in fatigued reaction from his erotics, had frequent phases of pseudo-religious repentance. One is inclined to suspect that M. Biré's preferences in poets are based not so much on the merit of their verses as on the number of times they have attended at confession, and that he would grant absolution for metrical frailties to all those, and those only, whose human frailties a priest has habitually absolved.

However that may be, the mention of Lamartine as a greater than Hugo is a noteworthy token of present French literary tendencies; for, to adopt clerical phraseology, Lamartine is the St. Peter of the contemporary mystical school of poets, whose reigning Pope is Paul Verlaine. For this school Lamartine is the type of the poet of vague aspiration and overflowing sentiment, as opposed to Hugo, the type of the clever craftsman with a technical genius for his art. No sane adept of this school would deny that Lamartine was weak where Hugo was supreme—in the artistic handling of words; but out of reaction against this very mastery, wholly sensuous (they say) and limited to material things, out of reaction against the *Parnassien* school which flowed from Hugo's genius, and which, like the beauty of Tennyson's "Maud," was "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null," the actual generation of French literary persons have adopted, in their poetry, a sort of indefinite *schwärmerei*, which one has hitherto been accustomed to associate solely with the poetry of Teutonic races.

But such considerations might lead us far. We are only concerned for the moment with the expression of our obligation to M. Biré for a frequently interesting book, which contains, for those whom such things may amuse, many carefully-compiled anecdotic expositions of the comic and puerile sides of Hugo's character. But the general expression of these volumes is disagreeable; they are too plainly prompted by political spite. It is, besides, somewhat unfortunate for their author that they should have appeared just at the moment when the publication of "Dieu" has added one more stone to that monument, more enduring than brass, "L'Œuvre Complète de Victor Hugo"—a monument whose stability will hardly be affected by the ephemeral mud bespattered on it from the hands of this pious Zoilus.

GROSS FREDERICK THE LITTLE.

LA JEUNESSE DU GRAND FRÉDÉRIC. Par Ernest Lavisse. Paris: Hachette. 1891.

THIS book is one of the signs that the French are learning Germany—slowly and painfully learning German and Germany. And to force the French brain into sustained study of the Teuton, the motive power must indeed be stern and coercive. What that motor is we all know, and it constantly comes out with a cheering naïveté in M. Ernest Lavisse's rather tedious book. "At every moment of my

task," he writes, "I encountered words, phrases, gestures, actions which we hear or see repeated before our eyes." "This Frederick William was the first real Prussian of Prussia; they are millions nowadays, these Prussians." He will even have it, in the very first sentence of his preface, that "Nature, who prepares certain countries and fashions cradles for her peoples, did not foresee Prussia." M. Lavisse's studies (crowned by the French Academy) have not then taken him back to those commonplaces of history, the ferocious barbarity of the eleven pagan provinces of ancient Prussia from the tenth century onwards; the calling-in of the Teutonic knights by the Polish duke Conrad of Masovia (1226); the long and bloody conquest and "conversion" of the oak-adoring Prussians by the Knights, and the successful revolt of Prussia against them (1466); to say nothing of the philological importance of the Old-Prussian tongue, which was still extant in the sixteenth century. That the Prussians were not even nominal Christians until about 1300 goes far to explain the fund of savage energy that still imbues the race. M. Lavisse should look up his Hartknoch and his Peter of Duisburg.

There is a revulsion against the hero-worship and the rage for historical white-washing so much in vogue little more than a generation ago. Most of us have known some man so mad on white-washing—*sans phrase* or metaphor—that he burns to white-wash everything that comes in his reach an inch thick, even unto the outside of a cathedral. But now it is historically and, above all, biographically the other way; and to M. Taine's unflattering portrait of Napoleon the wonderful may be appended M. Lavisse's of Friedrich der Grosse, which never even suggests a "high light."

Religious beliefs have run off his soul; he has no sort of morality he has no sort of goodness. The abominable treatment he undergoes is no excuse for his conduct; on the contrary, it is his conduct which in part explains his father's cruelties. With the biggest rogues he plays at greater cunning, and is sharper than the rogues. He is also a coward, even; for he ran away at Molwitz (10th April, 1741). There is to be discerned in him a fusion of the Epicurean with the Stoic, which, with his genius, his princely virtues, his faults, and his vices, his contempt for all law, his cynical perfidy, and the inhumanity indispensable to leaders of men, make up the Great Frederick.

The literary treatment of his father, Frederick William, produces a similar picture, for he was "contained in Frederick the Great; but the son had the genius which was missing in the father." Even the grandfather, Frederick I., cannot rise early, as it was his natural custom to do, without an accusation of "wanting to enjoy all the longer his pleasure in being king."

If Frederick William was physically untirable, and wore out all those about him, he also ate gigantically, and smoked and drank to the verge, and over the verge, of intermittent madness, and even into peril of death. His minor resemblance to his neighbour, Peter the Great, who was also his great admiration, is undeniable; and it might be added that in his free personal use of the stick upon all and sundry he recalls our own "King Tom" in the Ionian Islands. He sat in hard wooden chairs, wore an apron and cuffs at his desk, "ran" his little Court—King, Queen, and all—for the ridiculously small sum of fifty-five thalers a day, thereby giving a grand practical lesson to all the other corrupt and debauched Courts of Germany and of Europe. And his irreligion, which might be in good part a throwing-back to pagan ancestors, showed also that Teutonic impatience of sacerdotalism which is shared by the English. For we must not forget that the Old-Prussian nobles were, as Hartknoch showed, almost wholly swamped by the conquering immigration of Teutonic nobility in the wake of the knights.

"May God pardon all priests," was one of Frederick William's sayings; he forbade their preaching beyond an hour under a penalty of two thalers; and made game of a pastor who believed in ghosts. "I'll get on horseback to pray God" was another saying;

and so would he ride four hours cross-country, alone. But was this so very irreligious? He ordered his son to be taught "the fear of God, the only curb on princes"; but Europe has since developed a very powerful snaffle-bit also, in the shape of the fear of the people. Little Frederick the Great had to pray and dress in a quarter of an hour, so "muttering a hasty matin" like the Hermit of Rolandseck, and to breakfast in half-a-quarter; drinking to that intent, by royal and paternal written order, his tea or his coffee while they combed his hair. He had likewise to wash his little face and hands at a gallop, *geschwind*, using soap for the hands only. The child was also to be taught "the greatest disgust in this world for the vice of idleness, one of the greatest among the vices"; and Frederick William long ago settled, or thought he settled, a question of our own day, by writing down: "as for Latin, my son shall not learn it; and I forbid anyone to address me any observations whatever on this subject." Here surely was pagan Old-Prussia rebelling against the Latin races.

But we have had all this in the superlative from Carlyle, whom M. Lavissee, having manifestly no English, consults in the German (Neuburg und Althaus, 6 vols., Berlin, 1858-69); and thus the sole interest of this book to Englishmen is, as has been hinted above, its indicative mood in the matter of the current contemplation of Germany by literary France. M. Lavissee, for the rest, labours a style of heavy persiflage, ever dropping to the ground in its attempts at flight; he wears throughout a sour and solemn sneer, which of all expressions suits least with the French tongue and the French man; his French too is of that description which is furnished in any quantity by embryo candidates for, who have been crowned by, the Academy. And he has clearly not copied Carlyle in taking thirteen years and riding 30,000 miles to his evidently repugnant "task." "In the story we have told," he winds up, "only one sole personage is interesting—the unfortunate spouse of Frederick the Great."

A PERFERVID GERMAN IN AFRICA.

NEW LIGHT ON DARK AFRICA. Being the Narrative of the German Emin Pasha Expedition. Related by Dr. Carl Peters. London: Ward, Lock & Co. 1891.

THE most irritating thing about Dr. Peters's narrative is its title; it is to be hoped we have heard the last of Dark and Darkest Africa. We are not particularly anxious to know that this book was translated by H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D.; at least Dr. Dulcken might have had more modesty than to allow his name to appear on the title-page as prominently as that of the author. Nor was there any call for his preface; Dr. Peters requires no introduction to the English reading public; his name has been prominent enough in English newspapers during the past seven years. In the narrative before us he is highly entertaining, and, if we may once again be permitted to use the hackneyed adjective, sometimes instructive. Dr. Peters's bitter hatred of the English is apparent on every page; he does not seek to conceal it. We cannot be angry with him, especially as he failed to do us the harm he intended. His expedition, which landed at Zanzibar early in 1889, was ostensibly for the relief of Emin Pasha, the excuse being that, according to all rumours that had reached us up to that time, Stanley had failed in the task he undertook. At first Dr. Peters's expedition was looked upon with some favour by the German Government, and at the time it was intended that Major Von Wissmann should undertake the leadership. But when Peters reached Zanzibar he found the aspect of things entirely changed. The rebellion against the Germans in East Africa had already reached formidable dimensions. It was advisable for Germany to do nothing to alienate the friendship of England, and, therefore, Dr. Peters's project of getting into Uganda and cutting off British East Africa from the

interior was frowned upon. Moreover, Wissmann's services were urgently required to deal with Bushiri and his friends. Both the German and the British authorities at Zanzibar snubbed Dr. Peters, and told him it would be rank treason for him to attempt to enter East Africa. But Peters was not to be put down. His account of the way in which he succeeded in bamboozling and escaping Admiral Fremantle is highly amusing, and one cannot but admire his ingenuity. After dodging about the coast Peters at last succeeded in landing at Witu, which was then German territory. Here he organised his expedition, and was able towards the end of July to begin his march towards the interior along the north bank of the River Tana. To the brothers Denhardt we owe much of our knowledge of this river, and nearly thirty years ago Von der Decken lost his life in the neighbouring Jub. Von der Decken, like Peters, was an enthusiastic "Colonial man," and long even before the new German Empire was born, urged upon his countrymen the desirability of stepping in and annexing the region now included in British East Africa. Peters tells us frankly that he made up his mind to "stand no nonsense" from the natives; he expresses his contempt for the gentle and patient methods of Joseph Thomson and other Britons. The result was that his march was an almost continuous fight. On the mere suspicion that the Gallas might attack him, he was beforehand with them, and surprised their camp at night and gave them what is technically called "a sharp lesson." Readers of Mr. Joseph Thomson's narrative will remember the trying time he had with the truculent and impudent Masai. One can hardly blame Dr. Peters for boldly facing them and proving to the British East Africa Company that when the time comes, and it is necessary, it need not be difficult to bring these notorious cattle-stealers to their knees. Dr. Peters seems to have spent much of his time in trying to come up with Messrs. Jackson and Piggott, and other agents of the British Company, who were on the Tana about the same time as he. But he assures us they always kept out of his way, while they, on the other hand, tell us they would only have been too glad to have got within reach of the man who was scattering the German flag broadcast over British territory. However, Peters did reach Uganda, and, according to his own statements, found the wretched Mwanga and the Catholic missionaries eager to make treaties with him. Had it, indeed, not been for the disturbed state of German East Africa, and the necessity of keeping on good terms with the English, it is not at all improbable that, on the basis of Peters's so-called treaties, Uganda might now have been in German hands. When Peters, marching down to the coast from the south end of Victoria Nyanza, learned of the new arrangement between England and Germany as to the delimitation of their spheres in East Africa, his disgust was almost beyond words. All his fine schemes had come to naught, all his ingenious trickeries had been devised for no purpose.

Still we are glad he made the journey. He has added a little, not much, to what we knew of the Tana region before, and he has provided us with some entertainment. His observations on the picturesque and broken upper river especially, and on the fine country which stretches away towards Elgon and Kenia (which we doubt if he really saw), are of some value. In the Lykipia country he tells us the British East Africa Company have a paradise—a Simla where of nights frost is frequent. He gives us a good idea of the nature of the country on the north side of the wooded Tana, a country which, though sparsely watered, is capable of nourishing great herds of cattle. He gives a sad picture of the state of Uganda, wasted by civil war and with constant bickerings between Protestants and Catholics, and with the Mahomedans watching around the borders ready to pounce down when opportunity offers. Happily there is every reason to hope that the chivalrous Captain Lugard will be able to deal

with the situation. The statement that "grey-bellied porpoises" are seen "rollicking in the tepid flood" of Victoria Nyanza is almost startling. Dr. Peters is a well-educated German, but we do not know that he has any knowledge of natural history. The statement that animals of the whale family exist in this great fresh-water lake has aroused the interest of naturalists. Dr. Peters may have been mistaken as to the true nature of the animals he saw; if they are really porpoises, then one wonders how they got there, and how they have managed to survive and perpetuate their kind in an element foreign to all their congeners. With so many Europeans crowding round the lake the puzzle will no doubt soon be solved.

Dr. Peters had some right to feel hurt at the treatment of himself and his expedition by the German Government. He is the most perfervid German patriot that ever entered Africa. He lived for some years in London, and made himself thoroughly acquainted with British Colonial methods. He it was who, some seven years ago, quietly entered the continent opposite Zanzibar and came out with a bag-full of treaties, which laid the foundation of German empire in East Africa. Had he been an Englishman working for British interests, we could not but have applauded his zeal, though we might have felt somewhat ashamed of his trickeries. It would, therefore, be absurd to feel otherwise than amused at his unsuccessful efforts to ruin British interests in East Africa. We are glad to see that once more he is restored to favour. He is stationed at Taveta, on Mount Kilimanjaro, to look after German interests, and, it is to be feared, will give General Mathews, the British Commissioner there, a few bad half-hours.

The map looks well, but is full of fanciful geography; the pictures are mostly excellent. But we hope we have had the last of the disagreeable cycle of Emin Pasha literature.

THE PRESS AND THE LAW.

THE LAW OF THE PRESS: a Digest of the Law specially affecting Newspapers. By Joseph R. Fisher and James A. Strahan, Barristers-at-Law. London: W. Clowes & Sons, Limited. 1891.

LEGAL experts take a professional pleasure in disconcerting the average unlearned man by telling him that certain perfectly familiar persons and things are "unknown to the law." The Prime Minister, the Cabinet, the right of public meeting, are all dwelling in the same limbo; they have no legally recognised existence. In like manner, Professor Dicey (who is by no means to be confounded with another eminent publicist of the same name) has assured us that no special liberty of the press or law of the press is known to English lawyers. People who conduct a newspaper are merely citizens who sometimes libel their fellow-men, and that is all that need be said about them. This statement is true in the main, but it may give an erroneous impression. We have, in this country, no voluminous code of press offences; we permit any person to publish printed matter without obtaining any previous licence; the law of libel is the same for newspaper men as for other men. But Parliament has so far taken notice of the press as to pass several statutes for its instruction; and courts of law, in deciding libel cases, have laid down a good many rules which apply chiefly or exclusively to those engaged in the business of journalism. The authors of the work now before us are therefore well advised in their choice of a subject, and they have produced a manual which ought to prove extremely useful. It is not a book for legal practitioners, but rather for business men who wish to know enough law to keep them out of difficulties. Their opening chapter is devoted to the important subject of registration. Some difficulty was encountered in defining the term "newspaper" for the purposes of the

Act of 1881; our authors are of opinion that story-papers and scrap-papers are not within the Act, and need not be registered; purely business publications, such as tradesmen's circulars, might possibly be held to be newspapers if published at intervals not exceeding twenty-six days. The object of the rules of 1881 is to obtain a record of the persons who may be made responsible in case of libel; registration for transmission through the post is governed by rules made by the Postmaster-General, "from which there is no appeal except to the Treasury—an appeal from Pilate to Herod." When the person who aspires to provide a new organ of public opinion has made sure that his newspaper is a newspaper, and has registered it as such, he must next take notice of the fact that a newspaper is a book within the meaning of the Copyright Act, 1842. He must register again at Stationers' Hall; he must furnish copies to certain great libraries for the use of the palæologist of the future; he must stipulate with the members of his literary staff for a share in the copyright of their productions; and he must pay them, for the English law is a law of justice and humanity. If Captain Shandon does not send in his promised article he cannot be forced specifically to perform his agreement, but he may be compelled (or at least ordered) to pay damages for breaking it. If Mr. Pendennis supplies an unsigned article, the editor may probably alter it at his own discretion; but if he alters it so as to turn it into nonsense, and then publishes it with the author's name, this is an injury for which the law will give redress. Mr. Finucane must guide his sub-editorial scissors with due moderation, remembering that the law of piracy applies to him "so far as the nature of the case will admit."

The law of libel has often been applied to newspapers with unnecessary and impolitic rigour; but the most serious of its defects have now been removed by legislation. A criminal information may be laid only by the Attorney-General acting *ex officio*, or by the Crown office acting with the consent of the Queen's Bench Division. Proceedings by way of indictment cannot be commenced without the order of a judge being first had and obtained. The person whom newspaper proprietors now have to fear is not the vexatious prosecutor, but the speculator in damages, who brings a civil action in the hope that a jury may be persuaded to give him more than his character is worth, or more than is fairly required to compensate for the injury he has suffered. Messrs. Fisher and Strahan suggest that a judge should be empowered to order a plaintiff to give security for costs if he thinks that the alleged libel is no libel in law, or that it is of a trivial nature, or that the defendant has offered sufficient reparation; and we agree with them in thinking that some rule of this kind seems to be required. It is also suggested that the rules which now apply to newspaper reports require some alteration. Parliamentary reports are absolutely privileged; fair and accurate reports of judicial proceedings are also privileged; but the publisher remains criminally liable if he publishes anything blasphemous or indecent. Fair reports of public meetings, not published maliciously, are privileged; but a newspaper is still liable in respect of defamatory matter contained in the report of a public meeting, unless it is shown that the publication of such matter is for the public benefit. Our authors suggest that when newspaper proprietors are sued in respect of a reported speech they should be allowed to join the speaker as a co-defendant, and that the jury should have power to apportion the damages between the newspaper and the speaker. At the same time the authors think it unjust that a man who "only intends to slander" should be made responsible for libel; they therefore propose that the speaker should be joined only if he knew that reporters were present. There is some technical justice in this proposed exception; but we are disposed to say that a man who

speaks at a public meeting should be made to take his chance of being reported. There is no political offender whom we should more willingly bring to book than the speaker who makes free with the private character of an opponent because he thinks the reporters have gone away.

Foreign press laws are described by Messrs. Fisher and Strahan in their concluding chapter. The information given is necessarily somewhat incomplete, but enough is said of the laws of Germany and France to bring out the peculiar character of our own law. In the United States, laws abridging the liberty of the press are excluded by the Constitution; there, as here, there is no press law in the Continental sense of the term.

FICTION.

1. TIM. One vol. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.
2. OF THIS DEATH. By Mrs. Vere Campbell. Two vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1891.
3. A MERCIFUL DIVORCE. By F. W. Maude. London: Trischler & Co. 1891.

A GOOD school-story is apparently one of the most difficult of literary achievements. We have very few which can be considered quite first-class. We have seen a writer who has himself had considerable experience of school-life, of whose imagination some traces may be found even in his Greek grammar, break down in an attempt at the school-story. Character in embryo is difficult to portray; the manner of the school-boy, his dialogue, his habit of thought, are little known and little studied; and the pen of even an archdeacon may fail to reproduce them. Perhaps the most remarkably mistaken and ineffective of school-stories are to be found among those which profess to treat of Eton life. We may say at once that the local colour of "Tim" is exceptionally good; it can only have been written by one who knows Eton intimately, either from actual personal experience or from an exhaustive study of Etonians. "Sock us an ice and I'll come with you," is a sentence which is full of conviction; and there are many such in the book.

Tim, the hero of the story, is not the customary boy-hero. He is a somewhat sickly, affectionate, imaginative little fellow, with a capacity for worship; the object of his worship is the carelessly brilliant Carol Darley, a youth somewhat older than Tim. Tim's affection for Carol hardly seems to us to be quite healthy; it is distinctly sentimental; and the boy who is sentimental is generally a prig also. Tim escapes priggishness, however. The conclusion of the story is remarkably pathetic; it shows considerable self-restraint; nine writers out of every ten would not have stopped just at the point where the author of "Tim" stops. They would have been artistically wrong. Strong praise, too, must be given to the sketch of Tommy Weston. It must be from the life. Tommy was a good friend to Tim at Eton. In Tommy's room there were sundry ingenious inventions of his own, "such as an elaborate apparatus in which the poker was involved for shutting the window without leaving bed, and another by which water was discharged on any assailant who might attempt to turn the sleeping inhabitant up in that piece of furniture." He displayed all these treasures to Tim, "as well as a cardboard box in which he kept the prime fetishes of his worship; his name, which it is hardly necessary to mention was not Tommy, and the date of his birth, written very neatly in his own blood; a sheet of broad rule completely covered with a design in concentric and intersecting circles, of which the object did not distinctly appear, and another, on which he had jotted down the numbers of all the cabs he had ever ridden in on his rare visits to the Metropolis, and reduced the added result, by some process inscrutable by the unmathematical mind, to pounds, shillings, and pence."

Even from the few sentences of the book which

we have quoted here, it can be seen that this is no conventional work; every page bears evidence of remarkable insight and close observation; one may feel at times that there is something a little morbid in its atmosphere, and yet it is lit by undoubted and delightful humour. It is not, perhaps, the best possible story for schoolboys; but it is a good story of school-life, and one to which the "new writer" need not have been ashamed to put his name.

"Of This Death" is a curious, ambitious, and unequal work. One may find in it—we fear that one must find in it—that mixture of the incredible and the improper which passes for realism. Every subject is a fair subject for the artist—this needs to be said frequently—but there is an insistence on certain points in this volume which is not quite artistic, although we can readily understand that such emphasis and insistence are due to the writer's desire to illustrate by example the idea which forms the key-note of her story and its philosophy. Much of the writing will be found to be beyond the reach of the circulating library intelligence; and yet that same writing will seem sometimes too trite, sometimes too fantastic and obscure, for those who have made any study of metaphysics. The plot will not bear analysis; some of the characters are monstrous; much of the book is over-coloured, grotesque, amateurish. And yet it is not a book which deserves either contempt or indiscriminating condemnation; hurried or partial examination of it might treat it thus, for much of the artistic justification of the second volume is to be found in the first. It has promise; it has evidence of a thoughtful and poetical mind—a mind that does not love the common phrase, the hackneyed collocation of epithet and substantive, nor, indeed, any of the stock material of the novelist. In many places where the author misses her effect, she seems to have wanted the right thing and to have had at least a vague conception of it. Her chief fault—a decided want of judgment—is one that experience and practice may remove; and although "Of This Death" is very far from being a good novel, it is by no means entirely valueless and sterile.

"A Merciful Divorce" is a story on very familiar lines. Its hero is in love with Edith Trevor; but Edith Trevor could not afford to marry the son of a poor baronet. Her father had lost bets. "He used trust-money not his own to pay, hoping to be able to replace it within a few hours. He has been unable to do so," Edith confesses to her lover. As Gerrardine had not the seven thousand pounds required to save the Trevor family from their disgrace, Edith Trevor married Sir James Carthage, an elderly gentleman. Arthur subsequently retorted by a marriage with a Miss Banning. The incidents of the story are sufficiently interesting, although they have not much more novelty than is generally discovered in stories of sport and society; and they are well told. Ultimately Arthur is freed by divorce, and Edith is freed by the death of Sir James. The natural result follows. Altogether it is a book of the type which is said to be popular in country houses. It has little individuality or literary merit; but it shows some knowledge of life and character, and is not unreadable.

POETRY FOR CHILDREN.

THE BLUE POETRY BOOK. Edited by Andrew Lang. Illustrated by H. J. Ford and Lancelot Speed. Longmans, Green & Co.

THERE is a curious sentence in Mr. Lang's introduction to his "Blue Poetry Book." He says, "In this book . . . the poems by Campbell, by Sir Walter Scott, by Burns, by the Scottish song-writers, and the Scottish minstrels of the ballad are in an unexpectedly large proportion to the poems by English authors." Why "unexpectedly"? Mr. Lang cannot mean that he himself did not expect

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it, because he tells us plainly that in making his choice he was guided to a great extent by recollections of what particularly pleased him in his youth, and that he was afraid the volume might become too Scottish; nor ought he to mean that reviewers and readers did not expect it, because that would imply that we are ignorant of Mr. Lang's likes and dislikes. He cannot mean that the small percentage of Northern verse in Mr. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* should have led us to expect a like proportion in his poetry book, because he holds it to be a curious thing that in the former, where some seventy poets are represented, scarcely more than a tenth of the number were born north of the Tweed. It cannot mean this, and it cannot mean that: it seems, indeed, to be meaningless. Let it alone.

We like Mr. Lang's introduction. His defence of Scott's poetry against those young critics who talk of Scott's redeeming his bad verse with his good novels, is in his best off-hand manner; the things Mr. Lang says over his shoulder, in turning the corner as it were, are always good. All that he says about children, too, seems to us wise with the wisdom that comes from sympathy. He excludes from his selection almost all poems about children, or especially intended for children, as being those which a child likes least. It is a mistake when we "write down" to children; and we err more when we tell a child not to read this or that because he cannot understand it. All true—indeed, a truism of the first water; for, although most people profess to believe it, few practise it. A child "understands far more than we give him credit for, but *nothing that can harm him*." This is certainly no truism; many will assert that it is not the truth. It would be magnificent to be able to believe it—it is magnificent that Mr. Lang should believe it; but we are afraid it is true only of the child as he ought to be—perhaps of a few actual children brought up exotically. It is not true of the child of the period, who attends a board school or a public school, and reads the newspapers.

Mr. Lang has included many poems in which he does not suppose the young readers will be able to pass an examination. His reason for doing so is as right as it can be: the half-understanding, "the sense of a margin beyond, as in a wood full of unknown glades, and birds and flowers unfamiliar, is a great part of a child's pleasure in reading." The explanation of the inclusion of a few pieces of no great excellence as poetry is also satisfactory. Although such pieces as Longfellow's "The Day is Done" are full of obviousness to grown-up people, in an age of dawning reflection they are not obvious. Nothing purposely didactic is, of course, admitted; and there are only six notes, of which four are simple glosses.

To pronounce judgment on the selection itself might be foolhardy. "The Blue Poetry Book" is a new departure; and the editor who has dared to include some of Burns's love songs, "Ulalume," "Lycidas," "Christabel," and "The Demon Lover," in a book for children, deserves well of the community. If it really gets into the hands of children, we think it ought to be a great success. It is to be hoped that the absence of all instruction in the book itself will show parents, and all those whom children look upon as their inferiors, that it is not to be read aloud and lectured on by adults, but to be given to children to dip into themselves, when and where they choose. Any guardian who finds a child neglecting his lessons for "The Blue Poetry Book" ought to rejoice in secret.

There are a hundred illustrations—too many at least by half. Mr. Ford's designs are, as a rule, attractive, and many of Mr. Speed's drawings are really illustrative; but children will only laugh at such crude conceptions as Suffolk plying his axe (p. 21), the excessively vulgar and prosaic "Wreck of the *Hesperus*" (p. 48), the impudent, profane cockney face and attitude of Wordsworth's Highland reaper

(p. 91), the drunken-looking lover in "Helen of Kirkconnell" (p. 116), at the Sign of the Albatross and Crossbow (p. 233), and, above all, at the strange conduct of Alexander Selkirk on page 279. No child will ever believe that Alexander was squatted on the shore watching a crab when he said, "I am monarch of all I survey." Happily the bulk of the illustrations are not below mediocrity; and more happily still, it is as a poetry-book and not as a picture-book that this publication must, and will, we hope, make its way.

CURIOSITIES OF QUOTATION.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS: A COLLECTION OF PASSAGES, PHRASES, AND PROVERBS TRACED TO THEIR SOURCES IN ANCIENT AND MODERN LITERATURE. By John Bartlett. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE ninth edition of Mr. Bartlett's book of quotations exceeds the last in size by three hundred and fifty pages, the index being increased by upwards of ten thousand lines. This is the final form the book is to take, and, in withdrawing from what he has found a very agreeable pursuit, Mr. Bartlett refers with pardonable pride to the acceptance of his work by scholars as an authoritative book of reference, and to its general popularity, as evidenced by the sale of forty thousand copies of the last two editions.

The plan of the book is admirable—the only feasible one, indeed, for a work of the kind. With the exception of a few passages, admitted on the ground of coincidence of thought, we understand that every entry has been observed somewhere or other apart from its context, and will be recognised by one or more readers, or sought after by some inquirer, as a quotation. That the book fulfils its purpose excellently there can be no doubt, and we have not the remotest intention of finding fault. In turning over its pages during several hours we have noted only four apparent oversights. Under Matthew Arnold's name, the phrase he popularised, "Sweetness and light," is not given. Swift was the originator of this phrase, and it is given under his name, but without any reference. In a note on Carlyle's use of the phrase, "*la carrière ouverte aux talents*—the tools to him that can handle them," it is said, correctly, that Carlyle in his essay on Mirabeau quotes this from a "New England book"; but Mr. Bartlett does not give the name of the so-called New England book, which happens to be none other than "Sartor Resartus." There is no quotation from Carlyle regarding the clothes philosophy. Surely there should have been, with a reference to the wonderful passage in which Swift anticipated it. Perhaps the worst oversight is the failure to include in the short list of quotations from Marlowe the famous passage from the fifth act of *Tamburlaine*, beginning "If all the pens that ever poets held." But these are nothing in a book of over a thousand pages.

The quotations from Shakespeare amount to one-seventh of the contents of the book. No other writer approaches this. After Shakespeare come Milton and Pope with one twenty-sixth, Byron and Wordsworth with one twenty-ninth apiece. Tennyson, Cowper, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, Dryden, have each one seventy-eighth; Lowell, Scott, and Gray are not far behind them. Nobody ever seems to quote Thackeray, which we can hardly credit; nor do we think the Brontës should have been entirely omitted. Of Carlyle there is a little over two pages; of Dickens barely a page. The inferiority of the quotations from Carlyle is as striking as the smallness of the quantity. A number of them are quotations by Carlyle himself, and not one of them is a fair sample of his wit or humour, his pathos or his passion. It is strange that the press and the platform should have riddled all the pearls out of the works of such an author as Lowell, and should have taken only a little of the duller moralising from the pages of the wittiest and most humorous writer of the century.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

PEOPLE may be pardoned—outside Australia at least—who confess, without any sense of compunction, that Mr. Edwin Hodder's latest hero, "George Fife Angas," is quite unknown to them even by name. Yet in his way the subject of this eminently readable, if not otherwise remarkable, biography was a man who deserves to be remembered alike on the score of character and achievement. George Fife Angas was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne as far back as the year 1789, and he died in Australia twelve years ago at the patriarchal age of ninety, after having spent the best years of his long and singularly honourable life in advancing the moral and commercial interests of the country of his adoption. He was one of the founders of South Australia, and some of the greatest mercantile enterprises of to-day, both in England and at the Antipodes, owed much in their initial stages to his shrewd foresight and conspicuous business ability. He originated, for instance, the National Provincial Bank of England and the Union Bank of Australia, but he established a much greater claim to the remembrance of his countrymen by the prominent part which his prescience and public spirit led him to take in the early colonisation of New Zealand. If his creed was narrow—he was a Nonconformist of the old unbending type—his sympathies were broad, and as a deeply religious man he regarded his wealth as a sacred trust, and used it freely, though unostentatiously, to advance the philanthropic projects which lay next his heart. Like most self-made men, George Fife Angas betrayed at times an overweening sense of his own importance, and there was a period in his life when even Mr. Hodder is candid enough to confess that egotism was his besetting sin. Nevertheless, this book gives an impressive account of the career and services of a man of high and sterling character and great public spirit, and we feel, as we lay the record down, that the faults of George Fife Angas were on the surface, and are not difficult to forgive when viewed in the light of his generous, pure, and useful life. There was a touch of romance in his history, and not a few vicissitudes; and the volume in consequence possesses greater charm than any mere narrative of sleek respectability and ever-widening success. It is possible, moreover, to obtain from this biography not a few significant sidelights on the early political history and development of South Australia.

To the group of cheap books dealing with great writers Mr. Henry E. Watts has just contributed a short biographical and critical sketch of "Cervantes," the chief representative in literature of the genius of Spain. Mr. Watts is already favourably known by the more ample biography prefixed to his translation of "Don Quixote," which was published three years ago. The present monograph is written with judgment and knowledge; indeed, in our opinion, it would be difficult to name a more scholarly, and, in every sense of the word, a more satisfactory introduction to the study of Cervantes, than this fascinating little book, in which biography and criticism are cunningly blended. The best commentary on "Don Quixote" is, Mr. Watts declares, the life of the author, and though we are inclined to think that this theory is pushed in these pages somewhat too far, the interest attaching to the biographical method of interpretation is undeniable, especially as the romance of Miguel de Cervantes' adventurous career is heightened, in the present instance, by the literary skill with which the facts and forces of his strange and pitiful history are handled and presented.

In his "History of Tithes"—a work of some two hundred and fifty pages, avowedly based on Selden—the Rev. H. W. Clarke has made a scholarly and opportune contribution to the discussion of the revenues of the Church of England. The book shows considerable historical research, and politicians will find in its pages careful analysis of successive legislation on the subject, as well as the latest available statistics concerning the practical working of what Mr. Clarke terms an "odious and unscriptural tax." It was not until the eighth century that the custom of giving tithes as free-will offerings gradually became recognised. At that period only a few people gave them, but the number slowly increased until the eleventh century, when—thanks in no small measure to the pressure brought to bear through the confessional—it became usual for all to make such

payments. "The custom in England gradually changed into a common right, and it was by virtue of this common right that people were legally bound to pay tithes." Mr. Clarke asserts that there was no positive law made for their payment, and he lays stress on the fact that when the custom arose there was less than a quarter of a million of acres under cultivation in England and Wales, and yet this religious impulse "generated a common law right which legally bound all subsequent generations to the payment of predial mixed and personal tithes." Good service is rendered by the manner in which the utterly misleading statement that all the parochial tithe endowments were voluntarily bestowed on the Church by the landowners, and other sweeping assertions of a similar kind, which rest on no historical basis, are dealt with in this vigorous, though not always temperately written, survey of a question which is bound in the near future to challenge the direct attention of the nation. Lord Selborne will find considerable food for reflection in this re-statement of the case.

Under the title of "The Business of Life," the author of "How to be Happy though Married" has sent forth a volume of essays of a quite irreproachable, if not of a very original type. The book discusses various aspects of life and conduct, and its pages, some readers will think, are all too plentifully decorated with illustrative anecdotes. Moral truisms abound in these genial papers, and nobody's brain is at all likely to be taxed by this "book for everyone." It is a well-intentioned deliverance, and, thanks very largely to the skill with which a multitude of stories—good, bad, and indifferent—are introduced, it is likely to make its own welcome, and therefore we are glad to be able to add that it cannot possibly do any harm, and is in the main "edifying," in the old-fashioned sense of that term.

Happily, Mr. Spurgeon is no longer—in the physical sense, of course—on the "down grade," and we do not think he is at all likely to suffer a relapse if he is tempted by the spirit of curiosity to beguile the tedium of convalescence by reading his own biography as set forth by the facile and friendly, if not specially well-informed, pen of the Rev. James J. Ellis. He will find nothing in the volume which is at all likely to provoke a relapse. The little book is kindly and well-intentioned, and is redeemed from dulness by amusing anecdotes of the great preacher and characteristic snatches of his shrewd and witty talk. Mr. Ellis is, moreover, sound in the faith, as is becoming in a man who was at one time a student in the Pastors' College. He evidently left the walls of that institution with an almost unbounded reverence and affection for the gifted and great-hearted president. Occasionally Mr. Ellis runs perilously near the limits of good taste in his desire to do honour to "Charles Haddon Spurgeon," but under the circumstances it is not difficult to forgive the rather pronounced hero-worship of the record, especially when it is remembered that the subject of his biography was apparently nearing the gates of death when the book was written. At the same time, no adequate attempt is made in these pages to deal with the more complete aspects of Mr. Spurgeon's character and work, though a good many striking facts are grouped together by Mr. Ellis, and so lie ready for the service, let us hope at some future day, of a more discerning and less partial critic than himself. The courage and consistency, the genial goodness and practical philanthropy, the superb common-sense and unflinching wit of Mr. Spurgeon are illustrated, often in an artless and indirect manner, in these pages, and many instances are given of that power over the multitude which has made him, in an emphatic sense, a master of assemblies. One of the most amusing stories in the book is concerned with the General Election of 1880, when Mr. Spurgeon, like all good citizens, went forth to record his vote. The incident which follows must be told in his own words:—"I had to preach for my good old friend, John Offord, who was half a Plymouth Brother and half a Baptist. I said to him, 'I should have been here a quarter of an hour sooner, only I stopped to vote.' 'My dear friend,' he said, 'I thought you were a citizen of the New Jerusalem and not a man of this world.' 'So I am,' I replied, 'but I have an old man in me yet, and he is a citizen of the world.' 'But you ought to mortify him.' 'So I do, for he is an old Tory, and I make him vote Liberal.'"

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

No one can be more shrewish in tone, when he is so dispcsed, than MR. CHAMBERLAIN. It is seldom, however, that he has been so intensely shrewish and even venomous in tone as he was in his speech at Sunderland on Wednesday. No doubt much has happened of late to try MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S temper. In the recent discussions regarding the leadership of the party to which he now belongs his name has never once been mentioned, and he has even had the mortification of knowing that on those social questions regarding which he once held such advanced views his opinions are no longer looked for with eagerness by his fellow-countrymen. Still, even disappointments of this kind ought not to have led MR. CHAMBERLAIN into the mistake of showing such a temper as that which pervades his speech of Wednesday. There is neither wit nor common politeness in the ferocious jeer with which he refers to the "mess" MR. GLADSTONE is, in his opinion, certain to make if he should take office next year. All that even very ordinary people will infer from this rather vulgar outburst is that MR. CHAMBERLAIN is beside himself with rage at seeing that victory clearly awaits the Liberal leader. Hardly more sensible or dignified is his attempt to show that the Liberal party is composed of men holding different opinions on many different questions. The *tu quoque* retort is in this case so easy and so obvious. A party which includes the avowed advocates of "fair trade" and MR. CHAMBERLAIN, for example, can hardly pose as a united family so far as economic questions are concerned.

MR. BRYCE has been making some important speeches in the North of Scotland of late. In one delivered at Stonehaven last Saturday he discussed the question which MR. GOSCHEN, following in the footsteps of LORD SALISBURY, has seen fit to bring to the front—the action of the House of Lords in the event of a Home Rule Bill being carried by the House of Commons. MR. BRYCE, we need hardly say, takes the sound Constitutional view of the question. To give the House of Lords the right of compelling a dissolution, and even repeated dissolutions, would be to invest it with arbitrary powers unknown to the Constitution. Even if the House of Lords were not, as is the case at present, a synonym for LORD SALISBURY, the nation would never permit such a usurpation of power. Of this fact moderate men of both parties are well assured, and it may be hoped that the friends of the House of Lords will give heed to the friendly warning addressed to them by so temperate a critic as MR. BRYCE.

MR. BALFOUR is so much better in matters of culture than in politics that his speech at the dinner of the Convocation of the Victoria University at Manchester on Wednesday somewhat disappoints expectation. It is admirably sound; but he did not find very much to say. His emphatic recommendation of scientific study as a means of culture is good, particularly as it is most wanted by that section of the cultivated classes among whom his influence is paramount—but who will not learn science even to save the Union. His insistence on the need of a

technical education which shall include scientific theory is hardly less welcome, in view of LORD ARMSTRONG'S declarations against it not long ago. His reminder of the perpetual interest of the problems of philosophy comes rather oddly from the author of an ingenious and elaborate attack on the bases of all philosophies which would have drawn from ARISTOTLE censures equal to the severest in the Metaphysics. We gladly note the evidence of his conversion. His reminder was never more needed than now. The springs of philosophic interest seem running dry among the students of science, and the most active school of those who approach the subject from the literary side, after demonstrating to their own satisfaction that there neither is, nor can be, any other universe than this present one, have turned to experimental psychology, and (like the Greek schools of the decadence) to practical ethics. The former, indeed, is excellent, but it is science, not philosophy; the latter are almost wholly concealed by a phraseology which is only part of the unfortunate legacy of HEGEL to his descendants.

THE admirable articles which have been appearing for some weeks past in the *Daily News* on the subject of Village Life in England have now been completed, and will shortly be published in their collected form. The *Daily News*, in taking up this subject in so serious and thorough a fashion, has done excellent service not only to the political party which it supports, but to the community as a whole, and we may hope that the facts which it has brought to light, and the popular manner in which it has presented them to its readers, will greatly influence public opinion on questions of rural economy in the future. Before the year closes some attempt will be made to stimulate and bring to a head the widespread interest which has been excited in the condition of our villagers, and in those knotty problems which surround the question of English rural life, MR. GLADSTONE having undertaken to speak in London on the subject.

THE action of the *Daily News* in thus seeking to elucidate a question of general interest and importance is in harmony with the best traditions of our press. The functions of the journalist are too frequently confined to mere criticism, and it is but seldom that our leading newspapers care to enter upon a serious attempt to ascertain and lay before the world the facts which most closely affect the problems of the time. We should be glad if the *Daily News* or some other newspaper were to carry still further the line of work to which the letters of village life belong. There are other questions upon which the testimony of clear-sighted and impartial observers would be not less valuable. Among these is that question of Egypt to which we have more than once of late referred. What is the truth about our occupation of that country, and its results, not merely upon the state of the finances but upon the general condition of the people? We have at present comparatively few means of arriving at a conclusion on this question. Is there no newspaper which will be sufficiently enterprising to send a commissioner of its own to the land of the PHARAOHS, to report for us upon a topic which is certain to engage the serious attention of Parliament and the country at no distant date?

THE resignation of the Dean of Christ Church at the end of this term will be received with general regret both in Oxford and elsewhere. Thirty-six years have elapsed since DR. LIDDELL left the Head Mastership of Westminster School for the Deanery; but he had been a tutor of Christ Church before he went to Westminster, and his academical experience goes back to the time of the Tractarians—beyond the first University Commission, to the days when there was no new museum, no science teaching, no hint of modern philosophy in Greats—or, at least, of anything more modern than BISHOP BUTLER—and, we need hardly say, not the faintest prospect either of the married tutor or of the College Mission. He has seen Oxford pass from a seminary of Churchmen to a home of all modes of thought, religious and philosophic—Protestant Dissent, Unitarianism, and even Roman Catholicism; Positivism, Neo-Kantism, and indifference. The lexicon compiled by himself and the late Master of Balliol has now probably reached its final form—unless, indeed, the new papyri with their amazing vocabulary enrich the “dead” Greek language we know, as BRET HARTE has enriched English—and has made any other lexicon impossible. His History of Rome, which we fear is best known as the original basis of DR. SMITH’S smaller book, was an excellent bit of work in a time when Oxford had not quite made up its mind even that there was anything in Niebuhr. In University matters he has always been a decided Liberal. The Deanery has been a social centre for remarkable visitors, from princes, ambassadors, and distinguished Americans downwards. In architecture—in spite of the satire of LEWIS CARROLL—he has proceeded with admirable judgment in carrying out the original ideas of the real founder of Christ Church. MR. RUSKIN—as the *Pall Mall Gazette* has opportunely reminded us—has told us of his strength in art-knowledge. Few men have been so many-sided, or presented a better example of the English type of University dignitary.

THE meeting of the London County Council on Tuesday was marked by one pleasant incident, and two or three which are unfortunate. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, SIR THOMAS FARRER, and MR. A. H. HAGGIS, consented, at the unanimous request of their colleagues, to retain their respective posts as Chairman, Vice-Chairman, and Deputy-Chairman, until the elections. The discontent already exhibited in a portion of the press at SIR PETER EDLIN’S sentences found further expression in an inquiry by a member as to whether the Council could reprimand or pension their judge—to which, of course, the reply can only be in the negative. The democracy of London has yet to learn that it cannot deal with its judges unless they are elective, and that an irremovable judge, whatever his faults, is distinctly preferable to a removable—as is proved by the experience alike of New York under the Tammany Ring and of Ireland under coercion. CAPTAIN SHAW’S retirement and pension were discussed with a somewhat unworthy acrimony on both sides; and it was definitely announced that the Council must suspend all large projects of metropolitan improvement until the incidence of taxation is altered. It is sincerely to be hoped that the next Parliament will have the time—we may fairly assume it will have the inclination—to take the hint.

Two fresh recreation grounds, respectively of 52 and 135 acres, are now all but within the reach of London. The last remnant of Middlesex Forest, the Churchyard Bottom woods at Highgate, a very interesting bit of woodland, at present chiefly frequented by the London bird-catcher, can be had for £25,000. The Alexandra Park, of 135 acres, with its enormous palace, has been offered to the

Middlesex County Council for £100,000. Its history can hardly be described even as chequered; its circumstances have varied, but have never been otherwise than gloomy. The palace would make an admirable museum, and the park a capital centre for great popular festivals—if only the admission fee were not prohibitory—and it is connected by three lines of railway with all parts of London. Nothing could be more desirable, especially in view of the growth of a large industrial population in Tottenham, Edmonton, and other neighbouring suburbs, than that both these spaces should be secured for public use. This surely is a case in which the local landowners might submit to a considerable present sacrifice of the nature of voluntary “betterment.” Or will not some generous donor come forward and give, or guarantee, part of the cost?

THERE has been a general decline in prices on the Paris Bourse this week, and it looks as if the long-expected break were really beginning. Egyptian Preference bonds fell on Thursday to 87½. Spanish bonds were lower than they have been for some years; Suez Canal shares have been steadily declining, and in Spanish railway stocks there has been a regular tumble. It is feared that money will become both scarce and dear in Paris. There is a general belief, too, in spite of the assertions of the syndicate to the contrary, that a large part of the Russian loan has not been subscribed for by investors. The crisis in Portugal is becoming more serious than ever, and in Spain the situation is very grave indeed. The Italian crisis still continues, and the news from Russia is very disquieting. An area twice as large as France is suffering from actual famine, and as the winter comes on the distress threatens to be horrible. Naturally, trade is paralysed and heavy failures are reported from Moscow and other Russian cities. On the other hand, there have been two spurts of activity in the American market. One began on Friday of last week, and came to an end on Saturday; the other began on Tuesday, and seems likely also to be very short-lived. All the conditions in the United States are very favourable; money is abundant, credit is good, trade is improving, and the great operators therefore seem to be very confident, yet their efforts do not succeed in renewing the speculation. In the Argentine Republic a political crisis is aggravating the situation. The Senate and the President seem to be at loggerheads. The popular candidate for the Presidency has withdrawn, and the coalition formed to prevent disturbance at the elections has been broken up, while political excitement is running very high. The Australian crisis, too, is going on.

THE directors of the Bank of England made no change in their rate of discount this week, though gold continues to be withdrawn, not in very large amounts, it is true, but still so steadily and persistently that the total stock now held by the Bank is only 22½ millions sterling, while the reserve is under 13½ millions. The withdrawals will go on, and almost immediately now gold will go to Scotland, as usual, so that it looks as if the reserve before long will be down to twelve millions sterling. Apparently, however, the Bank does not consider itself strong enough to control the outside market, and, as it cannot get the support of the Joint Stock Banks, it is doing nothing. The rate of discount in the open market has fallen to 2½ per cent. The silver market continues quite stagnant; speculation is as much absent as ever; there is exceedingly little buying for India, and the Continental demand is not large. Silver securities are also depressed. It is to be recollected that all over India and China trade is in an unsatisfactory condition, and political apprehensions in China are adding to the general uneasiness. The price of silver is 44½d. per oz.

THE NEW LEADER.

MR. BALFOUR'S accession to the leadership of the House of Commons has been hailed by his own party with an enthusiasm which is unquestionably the best justification of Lord Salisbury's choice. To some it will seem strange that the Tory party in that House should not have had the privilege of formally choosing their own leader; but if there has been no meeting akin to that once held in the smoking-room of the Reform Club, the Tory vote has unquestionably been given by acclamation, and Mr. Balfour has the satisfaction of knowing that he is chosen for his present position not only by his uncle, but by the rank and file of his party. The first duty of his opponents is to congratulate him upon a very remarkable personal success. We have never pretended to admire Mr. Balfour's methods or the somewhat peculiar cast of his mind; but we cannot withhold from him the just recognition of talents which have made him at forty-three the leader of the foremost Parliament in the world. That he may prove not unworthy of the position he has gained thus early, that he may, above all, be mindful of the dignity of the assembly in which he now takes a foremost place, and regardful of the traditions which have given it a position far above that of any similar body known to history, will be the wish of friends and opponents alike. Undoubtedly Mr. Balfour has many qualifications for the task which he has been called upon to perform. He is clever, shrewd, ingenious, a good speaker, a remarkably capable debater, and a man possessed of that culture which is always valued in the House of Commons. He has in addition the great gift of self-confidence, possessing this indeed perhaps to an overweening extent. He has, too, a wide knowledge of Parliamentary forms, an acute appreciation of men, and a certain personal fearlessness which always counts for much in the case of the leader of a fighting party.

The drawbacks to his fitness for the position of leader are not so conspicuous perhaps as the qualifications, but they are at the same time real and serious. The tone of flippancy which has so often exasperated his opponents and set the teeth even of his friends on edge will, it may be hoped, be set aside now as something altogether out of keeping with his new position. But his natural cynicism, greater even than that which has so largely marred the reputation of his uncle, is a serious fault, and one which may at any moment lead him to his ruin. If, for example, as leader of the House, he continues to show that cool contempt for many of his political opponents which he has so often exhibited as Irish Secretary, he may depend upon it that his leadership, instead of adding to his reputation and placing his party under further obligations, will not only wreck his career as leader, but bring disaster upon the cause he represents. The House of Commons will tolerate much in the man who has been raised to the chief place in it. But there is one thing which it has never tolerated, and that is the want of seriousness and sincerity. Lord Palmerston could jibe and joke as he pleased, and the House never failed to laugh with him. But it enjoyed his lighter moods precisely because it knew that behind that mask of good-humoured smiles was a spirit which never failed to realise the graver side of the duties imposed upon a man who has to stand at the helm of such a ship as that of the British constitution. Mr. Balfour is young, and we sincerely hope, not for his own sake only, but for that of his party and his country, that the besetting sin of his youth may now be laid aside, and that he will learn to maintain the dignity of his high office in face of any temptation to play that part

of the smart and youthful cynic which he has hitherto so constantly affected.

With his leadership the history of the present House of Commons undoubtedly enters upon a new phase. No one will expect, and certainly none of his opponents will desire, that Mr. Balfour should be anything but a fighting leader; and it is, upon the whole, well that such a man should be placed at the head of his party at the moment when our Parliamentary conflict is entering upon its final and acutest stage. It is from Mr. Balfour himself that we have learned that the next Session will be the last of the present Parliament. It would be something like a scandal if this were not to be the case. Mr. Edward Stanhope, we see, in one of those foolish outbursts of frankness which so often characterise the weak and incapable man, has given expression to his opinion that there is no reason why a dissolution should take place until the last sand has run out of the glass of the life of the House of Commons. But we may give Lord Salisbury and his leading colleagues credit not only for a truer patriotism, but a wiser statesmanship, than that of which Mr. Stanhope can boast, and we readily accept the statement of Mr. Balfour himself that the General Election will take place during the coming year. That being the case, it is certain that next Session will be one of prolonged, and probably of bitter, conflict. Ministers have so much leeway to make up before they dare face the country that they will be compelled to load their programme with many items with which, under other circumstances, they would have been only too glad to dispense. They cannot face the country until they have at least made some show of redeeming the pledges by means of which they won office five years ago. They cannot willingly meet the electors with nothing more than the record of a weary round of coercion and oppression in Ireland on which to rely for a verdict in their favour. They will be bound, therefore, to bring forward their long-promised remedial measures, and to do something to show that the removable magistrate and the gaol do not sum up their whole policy towards the Irish people. The Opposition, on the other hand, have their own duty to perform, and it is not one from which they can escape. They know that hour by hour the present Ministry is losing ground throughout the United Kingdom, that the whole record of the bye-elections has pointed conclusively to this fact, and that if the country were to be polled to-day it would be found that Lord Salisbury and his Cabinet have forfeited the confidence of the overwhelming majority of the electors. Inspired by this knowledge, they are bound to take every possible means to compel Ministers to submit themselves to the judgment of the country at the earliest possible moment. Nor is their duty in this respect made less apparent by the hateful light which some of the baser Ministerialists have thought fit to cast upon the intentions and policy of their party. The men who have boasted that time is on their side, not because circumstances are working in their favour, but because they have dared to pit themselves against a single life, now far spent, cannot blame those who value that life as infinitely precious to the best interests of their country if they determine to give no quarter to the advocates of a Fabian policy so cowardly and so cold-blooded. From the first day on which Parliament meets again at Westminster the coming Session ought to be one of conflict, preparatory to that greater battle which before 1892 closes will be fought in every constituency in the land. We do not doubt the courage or the temper of the Opposition, nor can we believe that they will fail to do the duty which is thus imposed upon them. It will be well within their right to call

upon the Queen, by way of amendment to the Address, to have recourse once more to the opinion of her people. A Ministry, elected not by any clear vote in the constituencies, but by a coalition unheard of before, a Ministry which owes even the support of this coalition to pledges which it has never attempted to redeem and to promises it has long since broken and apparently forgotten, has no right to complain if such an Amendment as this is laid before the House of Commons; nor will it have any just grievance if the Opposition should resort to every mode of Parliamentary warfare which is not hostile to the principles of the Constitution, in order to compel acquiescence in its demands.

This, then, is the prospect which lies before us in the coming session, and we say again that we are glad that the fighting leader on the Ministerial side should now have taken formal command of his party in face of such a prospect. On another occasion we may return to the singular situation which has been created by the appointment of Mr. Balfour. Despite the foolish girding of some of the weaker Tory papers, we do not choose to ignore the fact that the new leader of the House of Commons is the nephew of the Prime Minister. If he had not been in that relationship to Lord Salisbury, despite his unquestioned abilities, Mr. Balfour would never have been able to carry out his cynical and dangerous policy in Ireland; nor would he have gained that position in his party which has justified his elevation to the leadership. Bearing this fact in mind, we cannot but regard it as singular and ominous that Lord Salisbury should now have secured so close a personal control over the proceedings of the Lower House. At the Foreign Office he has just replaced an old official by a connection of his own, and has thus weakened whatever control the House of Commons may hitherto have exercised through its representative in that department. When to this change we have to add the further concentration of power in a single family, which is due to Mr. Balfour's appointment as leader, we arrive at a state of things certainly unexampled in our recent history, and almost as ill-omened as it is rare. This, however, is a question upon which the country will be able to express its own opinion when the General Election takes place, and the main purpose of all Liberals must be to hasten, as far as possible, the coming of that day of judgment.

TORY DREAMS.

THE article in the *Quarterly Review* on "Executive Government and the Unionists" is noteworthy because it expresses with vague politeness precisely the same sentiments towards the Liberal Unionists which were put with engaging frankness by "A Conservative M.P." in the *Times*. It is admitted by the *Quarterly* that the existence of a third English party cannot be maintained, especially of a party "which has no seats and no immediate prospect of official life" to offer to "young men of ambition and ability." So there must be a fusion on Tory lines. The chief business of the Conservative party is to maintain the Church and the Empire. In the grandiloquent language of the *Quarterly*, "No system except that which is the approved and almost imperceptible growth of centuries can maintain so complex a political organism as the British Empire"; a proposition which might be treated as one of the futile recreations of the Tory vocabulary, if it did not shape itself into the assertion that the existence of the Empire depends on the Established Church. The reasoning appears to be this: Westminster Abbey is "the Sanctuary of the English people";

that Sanctuary cannot be maintained unless it continues "the property of the Established Church of England"; therefore "the Empire and the Church are connected with one another by the closest of ties." Moreover, "the association of the Colonial Churches with the Church of England is an active means of sustaining the sense that the Empire is a living political organism." This, then, is the foundation of the fusion of Tories and Liberal Unionists; and we hope Mr. Chamberlain is equally pleased with the sentiment and the logic. He still professes to be a disestablisher, but the Westminster Abbey argument must show him his Imperial obligations in a new light. The idea that Australia is bound to the Mother Country only so long as a dignitary of the Establishment is Dean of Westminster must be a refreshing revelation to the Liberal Unionists of the heritage of common sense which they will share by fusing themselves with the Tories. As for social reforms, the *Quarterly* cheerily asserts that no party can grapple with them like the Unionist party, a dogma which is sufficiently interpreted by the statement in the same article that "we have been suffering from too much legislation." The great object of the writer is to show that what the country needs is not change of any kind, but administration. Nothing is so bad as "an exhibition of restless legislative proposals." Mr. Edward Dicey wants the Unionists to buy votes at any price, but the *Quarterly* remarks, with one of its occasional flashes of wisdom, that "if the voters want Radical measures, they will employ genuine, and not fictitious, Radicals to carry them out." So the duty of a fictitious Radical like Mr. Chamberlain is to vapour about the Empire and the Church, and to prepare to maintain in Opposition the immortal union of those institutions.

For nothing can be plainer than that the *Quarterly* is quite ready for the overthrow of Lord Salisbury at the General Election. Somehow the vigorous action of the Tory Executive is not prepossessing. The Prime Minister makes it plain to the House of Commons that he detests nothing so much as discussion by the appointment of a family mouthpiece as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The Government show their antipathy to "sentimental legislation" by giving free education, and by preparing an Irish Local Government Bill. This brilliant demonstration of purely executive qualities is apparently of no avail. But the *Quarterly* is ready with comfort, like the Christmas waits: "God rest you, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay!" The Unionist party is admirably qualified to distinguish itself in Opposition. "What splendid weapons it has wherewith to destroy the work of the Gladstonians!" The Liberal Executive will be so desperately sentimental that it will never dream of governing; and so the gentlemen of the fusion, who will refresh themselves, no doubt, for their Imperial duties by a daily stroll amongst the monuments in the Abbey, will have copious opportunities for withering rebuke. The *Quarterly* is quite enthusiastic at the prospect. "We should conceive no pleasure more delightfully instructive and profitable than to watch the lesson which the public would experience from a few months of Radical government." This will be vastly more entertaining than the task of trying to make the democracy appreciate the blessings of a Unionist Executive. Then the ill-advised agricultural labourer will regret that he voted Liberal merely for the sake of change. He will begin to understand that there is nothing more barren than "the cry for public meetings," and the restless craving to listen to Parliamentary candidates. He will perceive that the best way to deal with problems is to appoint

Royal Commissions, and pay no attention to their reports. He will learn that the House of Commons is used up, and ought to be put down, and that the only way to get a proper representation of unadulterated intellect is to make the House of Lords an elective assembly. While these marvels are fermenting in the agricultural mind, the Unionist Opposition will be enjoying themselves enormously at the spectacle of the Radicals in office abolishing coercion in Ireland, establishing Irish self-government, disestablishing the Scotch and Welsh Churches, and paying not the faintest heed to the indissoluble connection between Westminster Abbey and Van Diemen's Land.

It is just possible that the Liberal Unionists will not relish these anticipations quite so much as the *Quarterly*. That ancient periodical is never a more amusing fossil than when it is making verbose efforts to keep abreast of the times. But it is certainly right on one cardinal point. The fusion will mean the dominance of Conservative principles. The whole spirit of the *Quarterly* article is anti-democratic. This exaltation of the Executive is inspired by jealousy of the House of Commons. It is even asserted that the people have only a share in the partnership of the State, while there are "other partners whose functions and authority are not co-extensive, but co-equal." It might as well be affirmed that the Crown has still a countervailing authority against the people. That would not be more unconstitutional than the proposal of the *Quarterly* that "the middle and professional classes" should be directly represented, not only in the Commons, but in the Lords. The democracy will take excellent care that nothing of this kind is carried into effect, but the threat is an agreeable illustration of the reactionary force which the fusion of the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists is expected to employ. The most comical part of the business is the pretence of the *Quarterly* that the new party will be "subject to control of every kind—control of advanced Conservatives upon Tory prepossession, of Liberal Unionists upon both, and of both upon Liberal Unionists." This is an exquisite picture of fraternal concord, and quite as convincing as the control of the Empire by the Established Church, and of the Established Church by the Empire. But Mr. Chamberlain has been born quite long enough to perceive that once the Conservatives have absorbed their allies, the beautiful system of triple control will merely mean the resolute stand of the Tories against every democratic advance.

INSTABILITY IN POLITICS.

IN Bishop Charles Wordsworth's "Annals of my Early Life," just published, there is a story about Mr. Gladstone on which his revilers in the press have fastened with avidity. Sir John Gladstone, having been congratulated on his son's "remarkable success at Oxford," replied: "Yes, sir, I thank you; my son has certainly distinguished himself greatly at the University, and I trust he will continue to do so when he enters public life, for there is no doubt he is a man of great ability; but," he added, "he has no stability." "I cannot say," says the candid bishop, himself a strong Tory, "that I had discovered any evidence of instability in Gladstone as a young man, or, in short, anything to confirm this proof of the father's extraordinary insight into his son's character until it betrayed itself in his public conduct." Bishop Wordsworth had good opportunities of judging, for he was Mr. Gladstone's tutor during the latter's undergraduate career at the

University. And the picture which he gives of the future statesman at that age is a singularly attractive one. Purity of life, high-minded generosity, stability of character, tenacity of purpose, burning enthusiasm—these are among the characteristics which his tutor found in Mr. Gladstone in his undergraduate days. "In addition," says the Bishop, "to the irreproachable excellence of his character as a young man, the talents and energy of which he gave early evidence were so remarkable that I fully anticipated, and often expressed my conviction, that sooner or later he would rise to be Prime Minister of England." And he tells an interesting story of Mr. Gladstone's first meeting with Cardinal Manning. They were both pupils of Bishop Wordsworth, Gladstone's hour following immediately after Manning's. Manning "was usually in the room when Gladstone, regularly as the clock struck, made his appearance, as if determined not to lose a moment of his proper time; and thus they had the opportunity of exchanging a few words before Manning left." These are not the kind of qualities which go to make an unstable character. Yet it is not difficult to see what Sir John Gladstone had in his mind when he said that his son "had no stability." Sir John was himself a Tory of the old school: very able, very shrewd and generous, and a good judge of character as far as business capacity in its widest sense went. But Mr. Gladstone has always had a side to his character which his father was not likely to comprehend entirely—the Celticism derived from his Highland mother, the sympathetic imagination which enables him to feel the pulse of the multitude, and the impetuous eagerness to realise his ideals. This caused a vein of Liberalism to run through his speeches and writings even in those early days when Macaulay described him as "the rising hope" of the Tory party. Baron Bunsen discovered symptoms in Mr. Gladstone's book on Church and State that the author would join the Liberal party. Sir John's shrewdness enabled him to see that his son would insist on judging every political question on its merits, and would end in supporting the conclusion, whatever it might be, which satisfied his reason and his conscience. That is a character not commonly associated with success in political life, which is bound in the tight framework of party organisation. But Mr. Gladstone's commanding genius and force of character have carried him triumphantly over obstacles that would have entirely ruined an ordinary man. "In the changing state of human affairs," says Sir James Mackintosh, "the man who is consistent to his opinions will be thought inconsistent to his politics," which is but another way of saying that he will be thought unstable.

What, then, do we mean when we say that a man "has no stability?" We mean either that his character is a weak character, tossed about by every wind of doctrine, turned hither and thither by stronger wills, having no fixed principles; or that he deliberately pockets his principles and makes self-interest, not duty, the rule of his conduct. Can Mr. Gladstone be called unstable in any of these senses? In one sense, he has changed more than any public man of our time; in another sense, less. From having been "the rising hope of those unbending Tories" who foresee revolution and ruin in almost every change, he has become their terror and bugbear. But his face has always been in one direction. He has not veered about. And his successive changes of opinion have been logical; they have followed by way of natural development from antecedent facts, sometimes not of his seeking. In 1841, for example, a Bill was introduced to relieve Jews elected to municipal offices from taking oaths. Mr. Gladstone opposed it,

"because upon it rested the point whether the Jews should or should not sit in Parliament." On the second reading, only twenty-three Tories followed Mr. Gladstone; on the third reading, thirty. The Bill became law with the acquiescence of the Tory party, and was followed soon after, as Mr. Gladstone had foretold, by a Bill to admit Jews to Parliament. That Bill the Tories opposed with all their might; but Mr. Gladstone supported it. Where was the instability here? Clearly in the conduct of the Tory party. Mr. Gladstone was perfectly consistent; they were utterly inconsistent. Yet they moved heaven and earth at the next election to turn him out of Parliament for his "inconsistency." As we pointed out last week, Mr. Gladstone opposed the abolition of the ten Irish bishoprics because "the probable effect of the Bill would be to place the Church on an untenable foundation" in Ireland. There were two things which, in his view, would make the privileged status of the Irish Church untenable—its being defended merely as the Church of the minority, or its receiving State support concurrently with other religious communions. The latter Mr. Gladstone characterised as "the pantheistic principle," more fatal to religious truth in the long run than active persecution. In process of time the Irish Church came to be defended by its friends simply as the Church of the Protestant minority, and in the year 1865, accordingly, Mr. Gladstone pronounced its doom as an Establishment, though the state of the public mind was not then, in his opinion, ripe for demanding its disestablishment. In 1867 the Fenian rising took place in Ireland, and Fenian outrages in England forced the British public to face the Irish question. The Tories were in office, and Mr. Disraeli, expressing approval of the suppression of the ten Irish Sees, proposed a still further abridgment of the ecclesiastical hierarchy as part of a scheme of concurrent endowment. This was a direct challenge to the whole of Mr. Gladstone's position on the subject. It was an attempt to stereotype the Irish Church as the privileged church of a permanent minority, and offered at the same time a direct sanction of "the pantheistic principle." Mr. Gladstone, accordingly, met Mr. Disraeli's proposal with the declaration "that the Irish Church, as an Establishment, must cease to exist." Where, we ask again, was the instability here? Clearly on the part of the defenders of the Irish Church. Mr. Gladstone was simply carrying out to their legitimate conclusion the principles which he had avowed as early as 1835, and which he afterwards reasoned out at length in his treatise on Church and State. Space would fail us, else we might illustrate our thesis by a reference to all the changes in Mr. Gladstone's political conduct. But we will take the last—Home Rule. From the publication of his Letters on the Neapolitan Prisons, more than forty years ago, to his declaration in favour of Irish Home Rule, he has consistently opposed Coercion as a general and permanent principle of government. He began the application of this policy to Ireland by the disestablishment of a Church which was supported by force, and by such an amendment of the land laws as would liberate the Irish tenantry from the thralldom of the landlords. And when the agitation for Home Rule was started, Mr. Gladstone never condemned the principle of it. On the contrary, he always challenged its advocates to produce a scheme which could be fairly discussed. And he made the further condition that the Irish people must demand Home Rule with no uncertain voice before the British Parliament should be called upon to consider the matter. That condition was fulfilled in the General

Election of 1885. Still Mr. Gladstone waited till the Tory Government in office showed their hand, after intimating to the Prime Minister his desire to co-operate with him in carrying a constitutional scheme of local government for Ireland. But the Government met the Irish demand for Home Rule with a proposal for perpetual Coercion, and again Mr. Gladstone was forced to the alternative of making an effort to satisfy the demand of Ireland in a constitutional way. Lord Hartington, with his usual frankness, declared publicly in March, 1886, that Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy was perfectly consistent with his attitude on the Irish question for years past.

So much as to Mr. Gladstone's "instability" in politics. The devoted followers of Lord Beaconsfield are the very last persons to challenge comparisons on that subject. Early in his political career Lord Beaconsfield openly avowed his determination to advocate not what he believed to be right, but what he believed to be popular. His words are worth quoting:—"A statesman is essentially a practical character; and when he is called upon to take office, he is not to inquire what his opinions might or might not have been upon this or that subject. . . . The people have their passions, and it is even the duty of public men occasionally to adopt sentiments with which they do not sympathise, because the people must have leaders. . . . I laugh, therefore, at the objection against a man that at a former period of his career he advocated a policy different to his present one." To that early avowal of political immorality Lord Beaconsfield was faithful throughout his public life. To him it was ever a matter of cynical indifference whether a particular policy was right or wrong, beneficial or injurious. The only question was, Which course was more likely to land or keep himself and his party in office? He was thus by turns the champion and antagonist of Protection, Free Trade, "lateral extension" of the franchise, "vertical extension" of the franchise, enfranchisement of a select few, enfranchisement of an indiscriminate multitude. What Mr. Sidney Herbert said of the Tory Reform Bill of 1859 is true of Lord Beaconsfield's attitude on all political questions: "The Government say, 'You wanted reform. We offered you reform compatible with our principles. You did not accept it. Now we will offer you reform that is not compatible with our principles. We are general merchants. We have samples of every article.'" There you have an example of the worst form of political instability—instability that comes of lack of principle, sacrifice of conviction to retain office. And does not the conduct of the present Government show how well Lord Beaconsfield "educated his party"? Local Government Bills, Irish Land Bills, Free Education—what are they but "samples of every article" offered as the condition of office by a Government of "general merchants"? The Ministerial organs are not wise when they challenge these comparisons. Instability is the badge of all their tribe since Mr. Disraeli undertook their education.

MR. JACKSON.

THOUGH it would perhaps be an exaggeration to say that Mr. Jackson is one of those men who awake one morning to find themselves famous, he has certainly advanced lately in popular estimation and repute in a way which must have been astonishing to himself as well as to his friends. Not that we wish for one moment to deny the sterling merits of the Member for North Leeds. He is a man of high personal character, of conspicuous ability, and

of almost unexampled industry, whose rise in public life has been due neither to outside interest nor to any factitious qualities of his own. Yet, when one looks back but a few years, it seems strange to think that the modest and unobtrusively active member of the Leeds Town Council should, after little more than ten years of Parliamentary life, have gained the position which Mr. Jackson now holds. It is not twenty years since the present writer, on entering a certain drawing-room at Leeds, was informed by his host in apologetic tones that he had ventured to invite a member of the local Town Council to meet him. "But this," continued the host, "is not by any means an ordinary Town Councillor, and I am sure, when you get to know him, you will like him." The subject of this quaint apology was Mr. Jackson, and the gentleman under whose roof he was that night a guest proved a true prophet; for, despite the gravest political differences and the tension of more than one sharp Parliamentary conflict, the good opinion which those who then met Mr. Jackson for the first time formed of him has never diminished.

As the local leader of the Tory party in Leeds, Mr. Jackson was conspicuously successful in winning the esteem of his opponents as well as of his friends. He was essentially fair-minded, moderate in his expressions of opinion, and liberal in his sentiments—to a degree that sometimes caused apprehension among the more zealous members of his own party. For one thing, he was always the stoutest of Free Traders, and steadily refused to lend an ear to the pernicious heresies of the Fair Trade party, then beginning an active propaganda in Yorkshire. Although by birth and early training a Wesleyan, he had become an attached member of the Church of England, and was a conspicuous figure on the platforms and the meetings associated with the interests of the Church. Politics and religion apparently absorbed his public life, especially after he ceased to take part in purely municipal matters. His reputation as a business man in Leeds was always of the highest. It was founded upon a success as conspicuous as it was honourable. Left, when still a mere boy, at the head of a business which was practically bankrupt, Mr. Jackson distinguished himself not only by the unflagging industry which enabled him to build up its fallen fortunes, but by the enterprise which carried it into regions far remote from its original sphere. Nor was this all. At the time of his father's death the concern was heavily loaded with debt, and the first duty to which the young tradesman set himself was that of redeeming the credit of his parent. One can well believe that, even when taking into account the successes he has more recently attained, there has been no prouder moment in his life than that on which Mr. Jackson was able to call his father's creditors together and to repay them the uttermost farthing of their losses.

Beginning his career with this fine act of filial devotion and personal integrity, it was only fitting that he should meet with his reward. The reward came to him in due season in the acquisition of a very considerable fortune, and in the command of a business ranking with the first of its class in the United Kingdom. Then came that season of municipal work to which we have referred, when the inhabitants of Leeds came to regard Mr. Jackson as one of their rising men. But his passion for work could not be satisfied with the field in which it was already engaged, and by-and-by he became associated with one of the great railway enterprises of the country as a director of the Great Northern. It was in 1875 that, on the occasion of a chance vacancy for Leeds, Mr. Jackson made

his first attempt to secure admission to Parliament, his opponent being Mr. John Barran. Toryism was not then, any more than it is now, in the majority in the great borough of the West Riding, and Mr. Jackson failed. He returned to his business life and his local duties; but at the General Election of 1880 he again came forward as a candidate in conjunction with the then sitting Tory member, Sir William Wheelhouse. That was a memorable fight, and it resulted in the return at the head of the poll, by a majority of some 11,000 or 12,000 votes, of Mr. Gladstone, who was himself at that time a candidate for Midlothian. Mr. Barran was his colleague. Sir William Wheelhouse was defeated, and Mr. Jackson came in as the minority member. During the Parliament of 1880 he took but little part in the proceedings of the House, and there were those who said that he was too modest for the position to which he had been returned by his fellow-townsmen, and had made a mistake in entering upon a Parliamentary career. But his friends knew better. They were aware of the thoroughness with which he fulfilled any duty he had undertaken, and of that Yorkshire stubbornness which made it impossible for him to admit defeat. In due time their confidence was amply justified. To those who knew him best his selection as Secretary to the Treasury, though in the first instance it was intended rather as a compliment to Leeds than a recognition of personal merit, was no surprise. Since then, though Mr. Jackson has been comparatively little before the outside world, he has been constantly before the House of Commons, and every Member of Parliament knows how well and how thoroughly he has performed the onerous duties which fall upon the man who has been well described as "the Ministry's maid-of-all-work." Though by no means a remarkable speaker, Mr. Jackson has a pleasant and conciliatory manner, can state his facts clearly and concisely, and is always best in meeting unexpected interruptions. Whatever the future may hold in store for him, it is certain that he will justify the good opinions which have recently been expressed by critics of all parties. It is not always the brilliant man who is most successful; and, on the whole, it is well for the world that sterling worth should not always escape public recognition, even when it is accompanied by none of the qualities which dazzle.

THE FIGHT FOR EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.

WE cannot congratulate "the party of economy" on the London School Board on the front which it presents to the approaching election. It is a fair matter of argument indeed whether "party" is a proper term to apply to the ragged regiment of extremists who own the sway of Mr. Diggle. Three years ago Mr. Diggle came back to power with a fairly solid following, pledged to the sordidly narrow view of educational work which is cruelly misnamed "economy." Where is that "barty" gone to-day? It is entirely to the credit of the pick of Mr. Diggle's disciples that the exigencies of School Board work have practically broken up the combination. One member has parted on the piano question; another has turned heretic on the vital subject of school management; a third has "lapsed" over swimming-baths and gymnasia. Even Mr. Diggle himself is hardly a Diggleite of the true unbending cult. The fact is that in all the chief departments in the great office of superintending elementary education the reign of the reactionary is over. The prevailing spirit both in the Department and in the chief Boards is against it. The battle between the

Efficients and the Non-efficients in educational matters is mainly confined nowadays to a scratch encounter with a small clique of faddists, encouraged by highly patriotic citizens of the type of Lord Wemyss and the Duke of Westminster.

On all substantial points in the London School Board, the case for the Progressive party is overwhelming. It would be absurd to contend that a vast corporation maintaining 410 schools, and responsible for the education of two-thirds of the London children, has not occasionally erred in matters of administration. But it is, on the whole, a significant fact that Mr. Diggle and the Rump of his party are unable to fix on one vital instance of improper expenditure. It is all very well to cry "extravagance," but there is an obvious difficulty in fastening such a charge on a body over which you have presided for six years, with a majority at your back. The one point on which the London Board can be convicted of exceeding the practice of other great Boards is in relation to the salaries of the headmasters and mistresses. But London is the capital of the greatest Empire in the world, and if it cannot aim at attracting the best available teaching talent in the country it is not doing its duty to Young England. Such increases as have taken place have been strictly according to an automatic scale, which, in the case of the assistant masters, leaves the maximum at the modest—and, in our opinion, insufficient—figure of £155 a year after fifteen years' service. As a matter of fact, London is to-day, in spite of a fairly generous outlay on the teachers, a grossly under-staffed educational centre. We should like to hear the opinion of a middle-class or upper-class schoolmaster on the efficiency of a teaching system in which a single class often consists of as many as a hundred scholars. But the policy of starving the national schools is not particular as to methods. The Duke of Westminster, who headed the petition against the adoption of pianos for musical drill, and who now, with singular lack of introspective humour, placards himself to the people of London as a distressed ratepayer, is equally willing to close the swimming-baths, the gymnasia, the free libraries, the needlework classes, or the kindergartens, to cut down the educational course to the three R's, or to reduce the teachers to a subsistence wage. Happily, these enemies of England have against them the overwhelming preponderance of enlightened opinion, the experience of over twenty years' working of the Education Act, and the developing culture-sense of the democracy.

It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that the London School Board should be encouraged to pursue the lines of development which have properly placed it at the head of local centres of primary instruction. It would be nothing short of a calamity if it were hindered from completing the two admirable experiments to which it has set its hand, namely, the attempt to group the Seventh Standard scholars in special central schools for all London, and the formation of small separate classes for dull and backward children. Linked with these useful plans for classifying educational results is the proposal for freeing and extending the evening and continuation schools. The Birmingham Board has already interpreted the permission of the Act of 1890 to free all "elementary" schools as including the evening schools, which, although the course includes French, Latin, book-keeping, and the sciences, certainly belong to the elementary class. London is, on Mr. Headlam's suggestion, invited to do the same. It is the evening schools that supply the germs of a system of secondary education, and, if the London Board succeeds in freeing them, it will soon be building the first steps of the ladder from the free common school to the

open university. It is easy to see the importance of keeping this precious work in the hands of the rational enthusiasts who now have possession of the London School Board, and whose motto is simply the best possible education for the children of the people. It would be nothing short of a scandal to consign it to the body of ignorant obscurantists who favour the worst.

There is probably one argument, and one only, which will appeal with any force to the London School Board electorate, and that is the waste of money on school buildings. But this again is largely due to the vicious policy of the "economists," who have interpreted their watchword as a cover for cheap and scamped work, and who, under Mr. Helby's guidance, help to constitute one of the most unenlightened and least business-like Works Committees in the three kingdoms. But the essence of the fight is not here, or even round that "still vext Bermoothes" the voluntary system. The brunt of the battle will rage over the great question of school "maintenance." The London ratepayers will be asked to vote down the education budget by men who, though in their heart of hearts they know that such a policy is as dead as Queen Anne, are prepared to set their sails any way to catch a popular breeze. But the middle-class ratepayer has two obvious remedies for a high School Board rate. He can get the practical benefit out of it by sending his children to the free, efficient, well-managed, and scientifically organised State school instead of to the dear and obsolete private-adventure establishment; and he can turn round with dramatic effect on the Duke of Westminster and the rest of the "protectors" of his interests, and suggest the return into the coffers of the collectivist London treasury of some trifling proportion of the wealth which the Duke yearly withdraws from it.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

WHEN the general election took place in New South Wales, although we neither liked nor affected to like the man, we to a certain extent supported Mr. Dibbs, prophesying that he would surely vanquish the Grand Old Man of New South Wales, and saying, amongst other perverse things, that if the latter tried to bid for the labour vote, our Quilp-like *protégé* would "go one better" and gain over the Labour members in the end. For taking this vulgar, sinful, and parochial view of the matter, we were considerably sneered at by superior persons. But our words have come true. After a few brief months of compromise and humiliation, Sir Henry Parkes has found himself in a minority, being defeated by Mr. Dibbs in combination with the Labour members; and Mr. Dibbs the Republican is the Queen's Prime Minister for New South Wales, and (we assume) the cherished guest as well as confidential adviser of that extremely super-fine young Tory, the Earl of Jersey. Probably the Earl of Jersey does not much mind. A Colonial career, like poverty, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows; and Mr. Dibbs is conventionalism and respectability incarnate compared with the miscellaneous bohemians with whom Lord Randolph, perhaps unwittingly, has been hobnobbing. But with Mr. Dibbs himself we need not much concern ourselves. He is to the ruling forces of the Colony much what Mr. Willie Redmond is to the Hillside men. The importance of the event which has happened in New South Wales consists in this, that what Sydney thinks to-day, Australia

thinks to-morrow. The stormy petrels of the Sydney *Bulletin* have won the day, and are astride the whirlwind. To the remotest hut in the Continent will be carried tidings which will revive heart and hope in every spirit which is ill-at-ease and in rebellion against law, finance, and the Imperial connection. And all this has happened just at the moment when a plucky rally of the London Australians had almost persuaded us that those who told of Australia's seamy side were little better than a company of malignant and reckless romancers. It was true after all what Mr. John Fortescue and Mr. Christie Murray said as to the winning drift in Australian opinion. Dibbs is at the front to-day in Sydney, and every other Australian centre has its Dibbs, whose loins will be girt for the combat by the news of the victory gained by his Sydney prototype.

About the actual sequence of events which led up to the defeat of Sir Henry Parkes we as yet know little, except that the Eight Hours' Question in New South Wales has already become what our party managers call "ripe," and that you have got to be an eight-hours' man out there unless you are content with magazine-writing as a life's career. But the mails already to hand give us a fair notion of the kind of questions which the new men at Sydney are stirring. For one thing, they seem to have been making a point of opening communications with the discontented stokers and blue-jackets among the crews of those strangely named war-vessels which have been lately built and despatched for service in Australia as an emblem and bulwark of Imperial unity. Because the ventilation is stated to be bad down below in some of these cruisers (and since they possess all the latest improvements, this is very probably the case), the free, bright spirits of the Sydney Parliament want to cut off the Colonial contribution to the expenses of the so-called "Australian Squadron." We opine that they will not succeed, for we have already expressed a confident opinion that Dibbs will give the Home Government its pound of flesh in this matter, although not a molecule more. But that such a question should have been stirred, and in such a spirit, is another illustration of the truth that every effort which is made by a fussy Imperialism to bind the Empire together only serves to stimulate disintegration. There is no doubt, for instance, that the annexationist movement in Canada, which is so rapidly taking shape and gaining strength, was perceptibly stimulated by the recent grant of peerages to Lord Mount Stephen, of Canadian Pacific Railway fame, and to the widow of Sir John Macdonald. Those peerages unluckily came on the top of the Canadian scandals, and seemed to the simple farmers of Ontario to be an endorsement by the Mother Country of the whole system—originating in the Canadian Pacific Railway jobs and the "National Policy"—which had developed into the hideous nightmare of Tory corruption.

As a guide towards a just forecast of Home politics, the events in New South Wales may not be without their lesson. We have already alluded to the part which has been played by the Eight Hours' advocates therein. What is more strange to us is that his loyalty to the Temperance cause has been among the weaknesses of Sir Henry Parkes. It may well give pause to the Temperance extremists among ourselves. Temperance, after all, is a movement which had a middle-class origin. Hitherto the working classes have, in the main, accepted it, but perhaps more out of politeness to their more enlightened allies of the Chapel than from a hearty concurrence. If we judge by Continental analogies alone, there is no reason to assume that a man is the enemy of beer and spirits

merely because he would like to strip kings, parsons, and ground landlords of their earthly possessions. When Mr. Goschen's proposals for endowing the publicans were before the country, it was by the hostility of the religious and middle-class element on both sides in politics that they were defeated. As for the Socialists and the labour-party, they couldn't make out for the life of them why a publican should be put in peril of losing the means of supporting his wife and children. Was he not usually "an elderly man, a respectable man, and a man who had not been taught by the State any other calling?" These quoted words, by the way, were taken down at the time from the speech of a working man and a Socialist, delivered at a Radical meeting called to condemn Mr. Goschen. There was a certain shrewdness in the speech of Lord Salisbury's heir, when he told his labouring hearers that if they would help him to keep his land, he would help them to keep their beer.

RUSSIA AND COREA.

AN Eastern legend relates that a beneficent fairy bestowed on a certain king all the good things of this world with the exception of one; and the story goes on to state that the loss of this one gift embittered for ever his enjoyment of all his other advantages. Some such fairy must have presided at the birth of the Russian Empire. Territory, power, wealth, and influence are all at her command, but these avail her comparatively little so long as her freedom of access by sea to the outer world is denied to her ships of war and commerce. For many months during the year her ports in Northern Europe and Asia are blockaded by impenetrable frosts, while in the South existing treaties bar the way for her men-of-war to the Mediterranean.

The humiliation of such a position to a Power possessed of territory more than twice as large as Europe will be readily understood, and the leading object which Russian statesmen have kept consistently before them has been the rectification of a state of things which, to a proud bureaucracy, is well-nigh unendurable. This is the end to which all the diplomacy which agitates Constantinople, the Persian frontier, and the borders of Corea is directed. Without the least variableness or shadow of turning, the Russian Government pursues its one dominating course of action. In this respect it stands at an advantage over other nations, in that these have at best only a negative policy, which is often lulled to sleep by a sense of security, and which, when most active, is vitiated by contending interests and petty jealousies.

But while the opposing nations are at one time intriguing against each other, and at another sleeping, Russia works on, and periodically, after intervals of repose, Europe and Asia are startled to find that she has advanced a step, or steps, towards the goals of her ambition. Her efforts are never entirely directed to one point. The same impetus which supplies the action on the shores of the Bosphorus sets in motion the forces which make themselves felt at Teheran and Seoul. At the present moment European statesmen have become conscious that Russia is agitating all along the line. But on this occasion it is not our intention to criticise the positions at Constantinople and Teheran, but to draw attention to the relations existing between St. Petersburg and Corea as affecting Japan.

Ever since the conclusion of the treaties the Japanese Government has been under the influence of the overshadowing power of Russia. The futile

efforts with which the Japanese statesmen attempted to rescue the island of Saghalien from the grasp of their neighbour taught them that they were dealing with a Power which knew what it wanted and meant to get it. Finding that they were impotent to prevent the advance of Russia southwards in the island, they wisely abandoned the idea of drawing an imaginary line to serve as a boundary between the two nations, and ceded the whole island in exchange for the Kurile Islands, of which Russia assumed to herself the power of disposing. These negotiations excited a jealousy on the part of the Japanese which has never subsided. They have watched with ill-concealed alarm the advances made by Russia in Manchuria, and the intrigues which have marked the diplomacy of the Russian Minister at the court of Söul; and at the present moment the exchange of secret missions between the two capitals is accentuating their alarm. The close proximity of Corea to the eastern shores of Japan makes it a matter of supreme importance to the Mikado's Government that that kingdom should not fall into the hands of any aggressive European State. Separated by not more than a hundred miles of sea, eight or nine hours would be sufficient to transport an army from Corea to the coast of Japan. The danger in this case is aggravated by the geographical formation of the Japanese islands. Forming a long narrow strip of territory which generally conforms to the contour of the opposite Asiatic coast, they present every facility to an invading force; while at the same time the difficulty of defence is immeasurably heightened by the lengthy chain of assailable points which they offer. It is true that all the more important cities are on the eastern and southern sides of the islands. But this advantage is but slight, since a march of forty miles might bring an invading force from Tsuruga, for example, on the western coast, to the bay of Owari, which is within an easy distance of the capital.

These considerations make it, above all things, desirable to the Japanese that Corea should have a distinct national existence. Here, however, they come into conflict with the Chinese, who regard Corea as a tributary State, and are determined to keep her in leading-strings so long as possible. Unquestionably, this attitude of the Chinese constitutes a weakness to Corea. It prevents her gaining separate representation at the European Courts, and hampers her endeavours to develop her national resources. At the same time the preservation of Corea from conquest is a matter of importance to China, whose statesmen believe that by maintaining their rights over the country they are giving her the necessary power to enable her to resist a foreign invasion. The Japanese, on the other hand, would prefer to see her a completely independent nation, and supported against Russia by the influence of the other European States, who may be in international relationship with her.

Experience has shown that in moments of emergency China is but a broken reed on which to lean. Recent events have vividly recalled to the Japanese the recollections of the negotiations by which Count Ignatieff induced the Chinese Government to cede to his master the Czar the territory now known as the Province of Primorsk, which stretches for nine hundred miles along the Pacific coast—from the mouth of the Amur to the Korean frontier. While China was engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with England and France, Russia, who professed to act as an *amicus curiæ* at Peking, persuaded the Emperor's advisers to exchange this magnificent territory for some guns, which they fondly hoped would protect their capital against the invaders. It chanced, however, that the guns arrived after the campaign was

over, and after the Siberian coast-line had become the Province of Primorsk.

The principal port in this new Province is Vladivostock, and though during the summer season this harbour offers all the accommodation desired by the Russians for their navy, it is for the three winter months as inhospitable as the Baltic, and for the same reason. This objection does not apply to the southern Korean ports, which are large and commodious, and it is on them principally that the longing eyes of Russia are fixed. The recent riots in China, and the foreign complications to which they have given rise, have encouraged Russia to hope that such an opportunity as that of which she made so good a use in 1860 may again occur; and if it did, who shall say that Corea may not share the fate of Primorsk?

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THIS week the apprehension and disquiet that have so long prevailed throughout Europe have been somewhat relaxed—chiefly, it must be owned, by the absence of those factitious stimuli by which these feelings have been worked up so assiduously during the summer. We are indeed cautioned that half the new Russian loan is to be expended on preparation for war—but the state of Russia renders prophecy extremely unsafe on such matters: the insurrection in Yemen is by no means over, and trouble is brewing in Bulgaria, where the method of conducting the investigation into M. Beltscheff's murder has, it is said, provoked an emphatic remonstrance from the Porte. Greek sentiment is ready to take advantage of Turkish difficulties of course, but Greece is far too hampered politically and financially to do anything as yet. The Czar has not, indeed, as was predicted, visited the German Emperor at Berlin, but his Minister of Foreign Affairs has been entertained by the King of Italy at Monza. A minute report of the conversation has been circulated at Rome, published in the *Times*, and formally contradicted by the French Foreign Office. The outcome of the reports seems to be that M. de Giers either said nothing in particular, or assured his host of the pacific intentions of Russia towards the world in general and Italy in particular, and that either way it does not matter much. One account states that the subject of discussion was a marriage between the Prince of Naples and the eldest daughter of the Czar.

Commercial warfare, however, seems just now likely to take the place of militarism for a time. The new French duties on Spanish wines have raised a storm of protest in Spain. Vigorous attempts are to be made to transfer to Spanish soil that blending of Spanish and other wines which has hitherto taken place at Bordeaux; and a commercial treaty with Germany is talked of, together with prohibitive duties on French manufactures. The new Swiss tariff, of which we speak below, is distinctly, in spite of the disclaimers of its advocates, a victory for Protectionism. Its first result will probably be to hinder the negotiations for a treaty of commerce with Austria and Germany—indeed, the prospect of it has done so already; its next to start a war of tariffs along the French and probably the Italian frontier. A treaty of commerce between Germany and Belgium is talked of, but the concessions asked for by Germany will, it is said, give offence in the rural districts of Belgium, which are the chief support of the present Government. The reciprocity and retaliation by which our own Fair Traders wish to promote English manufactures and commerce will soon be seen at their worst on the Continent.

In other respects, except perhaps as regards the split in the German Socialist party, the political news this week is not of a very striking kind. The French Chamber has been engaged on the Budget; but the

debate has not been very noticeable, save for a comprehensive attack on Republican finance in general by M. Piou, and a roseate picture of it by M. Raymond de Poincaré. The "Extraordinary Budget" is, to a great extent, to be incorporated with the Ordinary, and the freight charges for "grande vitesse" goods are to be considerably reduced. The circular of the Minister of Public Worship, "inviting" the Bishops, as being State functionaries, not to visit Rome without leave from the Government, in order that France may not be compromised by any disturbance, has drawn indignant replies from a number of prelates. One of them, M. Gouthé-Soulard, the Archbishop of Aix, is to be prosecuted, though it is difficult to discover anything in his letter beyond a considerable want of dignity and an accusation that the Government is controlled by "Freemasonry, that eldest daughter of Satan." A bye-election to the Chamber next Sunday at Auxerre is producing a fresh set of Monarchist adhesions to the Republic—or, at least, to the Conservative Republican, M. Denormandie—on the ground that, as a Monarchist journal expresses it, the revision of the Constitution is not now in question.

The *Brennus*, an ironclad of 12,000 tons, and with a speed of 17 knots, was launched at Lorient on Saturday. The great feature of her construction is apparently the perfect protection that is secured to her crew from the fire of the machine guns of an opponent.

Our Copenhagen correspondent writes:—Out of the first 74 elections to the Norwegian Parliament, the Left have secured 52 seats (last election 36); Right, 10 (last election 14); and the Moderates 12 (last election 24). This is a gain for the Left of 16 seats. There remain, then, 40 seats, of which, at the last election, 3 were Left, and the rest (37) Right. Of these 40 seats the Left may, however, reckon upon securing probably two or three, perhaps more, although it is impossible to say. The Left will, in any case, have about half of the 114 votes—more likely than not an absolute majority.

The German Socialist Congress at Erfurt has, as was expected, resulted in a further exhibition of the tendency of the party—when not kept together by persecution—to subdivision. Five delegates of the Extreme Left—after repeated protests against Parliamentarism and the *bourgeois* character now assumed by the movement, and insistences that the Socialist State could only be reached by revolution—severed their connection with the party on Monday, after the question of their expulsion had been mooted, and founded a new party at an extremely disorderly meeting at Berlin on Tuesday. Numerically, the seceders are unimportant, but they have a good deal of influence in Berlin, Magdeburg, and, it is said, some other large towns. Herr Vollmar—who apparently constitutes by himself the Extreme Right of the party—also was on the point of withdrawal, and was only retained by the repeal of a vote of censure on his recent declarations in favour of the Triple Alliance, which, however, he emphatically reiterated. The Congress closed on Wednesday with the adoption of the new programme, which is almost entirely political. It seemingly does not even mention the nationalisation of land and capital, but demands universal suffrage, male and female, direct legislation by the people, popular election of judges and all officials, disestablishment, free medical and legal aid, and national insurance. As compared with the last programme (dating from 1875) the distinctively Socialist element is almost wholly absent.

There is said to be great want of employment in Berlin at present.

The trial of the persons charged with riot and conspiracy in connection with the disturbances of May 1st at Rome has been proceeding since Wednesday week, amid a good deal of protest on the part of the Radical press as to the conduct of the proceedings and the treatment of the accused, of whom Amilcare

Cipriani, the Anarchist and Deputy, is probably the best known. They are somewhat given to haranguing the Court, and one or two scenes have taken place, one resulting in an adjournment for the day.

Signor Bonghi has definitely resigned his provisional presidency of the Interparliamentary Peace Congress which is to meet next month, owing to the objections entertained by the German deputies to his recent criticisms (in the *Nuova Antologia*) on the administration of Alsace-Lorraine.

The Prague Exhibition has closed amid some disorder, owing to the refusal of the military bandmaster to play the Czech national airs called for by the crowd.

Further serious floods have occurred in Southern Spain, especially at Almeria. There is considerable distress, and some fear of disorder.

The new Swiss tariff was adopted on Sunday by a popular vote of 217,121 against 156,817. One result is unfortunate, partly because in spite of all that has been said about "necessary weapons in the war of tariffs," it is distinctly a victory for agricultural protection; still more because the voting has exhibited a wide divergence of feeling between the different cantons. Indeed, the result has even been described by some newspapers in the French cantons as a victory of German over French Switzerland. Thus Geneva disapproved it by 11,952 to 330—more than 36 to 1; which is not surprising considering that the canton draws practically all its food from Savoy. Neuchâtel—whose trade in watches the retaliatory duties of the tariff are to facilitate—disapproved it by 14,923 to 674, or considerably over 25 to 1; Ticino by nearly 23 to 1, Vaud by more than 2 to 1; and most of the frontier cantons and districts (except Basel) also voted against it. But the agricultural vote, and presumably the industrial vote in some cases, was decisive in its favour, particularly in Zurich and Berne.

At the same time a modification of the Constitution giving the Federal Government the monopoly of bank-note issue, the notes to be legal tender, was adopted by 229,709 votes to 154,293, and by 13 cantons to 9 (a majority of cantons as well as voters being requisite in the case of a referendum on a constitutional amendment). Freiburg, Ticino, Vaud, Valais, Neuchâtel, and Geneva, were among the Noes—the last-named indeed voting in the negative by 12 to 1. The exact form the control shall take is as yet undetermined. Tourists, at any rate, will not regret the change.

We deal elsewhere with the crisis in Argentina.

A revolution has been attempted in Paraguay, but without success.

The Chilean elections have passed off quietly. A considerable Conservative minority has been elected to the Chamber, which probably is some guarantee of the maintenance of peace. Señor Jorge Montt will, it is expected, be elected President.

POLAND AND RUSSIA.

"IF I am to be exiled," said a Polish friend to me, "I would rather be sent to the Rhine than to Siberia." Nor did it take many hours of Warsaw to explain what this meant.

My passage through the country was purely for pleasure; being on my way home after a canoe voyage down the Danube. A brilliant Russian lady who has written many books proclaiming the goodness of the Czar and the excellence of his government, had frequently said to me that if I would only go and see for myself I would be satisfied that Russia was much misunderstood. And here was another inducement—I had almost said an invitation.

Passing over the fact that I was treated like a criminal at the frontier of Bessarabia, I was surprised to find on purchasing a copy of the *Paris Temps*, at the station, that all the news about Russia had been blacked out by the Censor. In view

of the very cordial relations between the two countries this seemed strange.

On reaching the hotel at Warsaw I was of course required to give up my passport, and had hardly got my head well dipped into the wash-bowl when in came a sleek, soft, shiny, black-coated, deacon-looking individual who proceeded to offer me his services and indirectly to pump me as to where I had been and whither I was bound. He was one of the many tale-bearers and spies who hope for a Government post when they shall have proved their capacity for dirty work. This Mr. Mulberry-Stiggins was promptly told that he would be kicked all the way down stairs if he did not leave; and as soon as I had finished my work in hand I strolled out and had the good fortune to meet an old friend who took me to see "the sights."

We drifted to the Citadel, and I stopped opposite a long, yellow brick building with two rows of windows so curiously ranged as to cause me to stop and call my friend's attention to them. The upper row was immediately under the eaves, and the lower row higher than usual from the ground. I had barely pointed to this building when the sentinel made a sign with his disengaged arm that I was to pass on. But the subject interested me, and I doubted that he would leave his beat to come after me; so I continued my study, and was busy counting the windows and calculating the amount of space represented within the walls when out sprang, not the sentinel, but another man in uniform, who appeared in earnest. By this time I had seen quite enough, turned my back, and started in the opposite direction.

My venerable friend, a Polish manufacturer of great social consideration, large fortune, and excellent political judgment, now told me that I had stopped in front of the prison for political suspects; that the prison was as full as it would hold; that there were three hundred there at present all waiting to know whether they were to be flogged, sent to Siberia, or only kept a few weeks or months.

"But surely," I ventured to remark, "you don't mean to say that you allow your political prisoners to be tortured before they are even condemned." My friend smiled at my childish *naïveté*, and said:—

"I was once suspected of being lukewarm in my loyalty to Russia, and was locked up there for six weeks, or until they could find the time to investigate my case and find out that there was no charge against me. My cell was in the upper row you looked at, and you were struck by the appearance of the building because the windows are about ten feet from the floor, so high, therefore, as to make it impossible for the prisoner to look out. I was accused for nothing in particular, merely arrested because someone might have reported me as not Russian enough; perhaps I might have been seen reading a liberal book; perhaps I might have been overheard praising a Polish friend—there are a dozen frivolous grounds that may have occasioned my arrest, but I shall never know why I was made prisoner.

"Below me was a room from which every day emanated screams, groans, cursing, and such sobbing as would melt the heart of a criminal. In that room they were 'examining,' as they call it, such of their victims as they thought might be induced to implicate others. Here they are flogged with pickled sticks until human nature can stand it no longer, and they either lose consciousness or give in. The flogging is repeated at short intervals with particular reference to the creation of pain; and the police rarely fail to force some kind of testimony—for human reason weakens after a certain amount of physical torture, and a wretched prisoner who has been flogged into semi-idiotcy will say almost anything that promises to end his pains. It was only a few years ago that a worthy friend of mine, who had entered this jail in the possession of all his faculties, returned to his home deaf as a post and much impaired intellectually."

As I passed a troop of Cossack horsemen my

attention was arrested by the extraordinary type they represented; not the Russian by any means, nothing that remotely suggested the environs of the Black or Caspian Sea. These men were the counterpart of the camel-drivers I had passed along the great wall of China; they were Mongols, Tartars—men of an Esquimaux appearance, with small Chinese eyes set very close together, with high cheek bones, broad flattened-out faces, little flat noses, big ugly mouths, a mixture of Chinaman, Laplander, and Apache Indian. "Are there many of these savages in this neighbourhood?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. You cannot take a walk on this meridian between Prussia and Austria without stumbling upon a Cossack post every few miles. Every Pole who is called to arms is transported to the extreme corners of the Empire—to Siberia, to the Caucasus, anywhere to be out of the way of his own people. Their places are taken by the most useful soldiers a Russian could wish for, troops levied from the most remote and least civilised sections of the Empire."

From the Citadel to the town is only a few hundred yards, a space that is kept clear in the event of its being found desirable to bombard the city; for, oddly enough, the Russians have their guns here facing, not in the direction from which an enemy might be expected, but full at the spires of one of the most important towns of their vast Empire.

My venerable friend told me many things, and others told me many things more. I did not look for information amongst the constitutionally dissatisfied and revolutionary elements of society, but exclusively among men of large landed interest, of personal weight in the community, cautious men of affairs—yet men so earnest in their belief that they were willing to stake all they had for the sake of proclaiming the misery under which they are forced to live from day to day. The names of these men I cannot give; I dare not even have correspondence with them excepting through indirect channels, but on the first sign of war these men will march with hundreds of other patriots, and they will be followed by every Polish peasant who is still able to swing an axe or pitchfork. The causes that have brought about this result have been partially indicated. In general they spring from the systematic persecution of everybody and everything that is not orthodox Russian. The son of one of my friends was dismissed from the high school because he had been overheard speaking his own language, Polish, during play hours. This was tantamount to an order of banishment, for no other Warsaw school would admit him, and the father had therefore to send him abroad for an education.

Another friend is director in a vast transportation enterprise; he cannot appoint a single day-labourer in his own works without the permission of Government.

No shop in Warsaw can do without at least one Russian clerk on penalty of police prosecution; therefore, though the Russians are notoriously inferior, the Pole must have one of his hated task-masters about him all day. A friend of mine was grossly insulted on the platform of a railway station because he was saying "good-bye" to a German friend in the German language; nor did this Polish gentleman dare to resent such behaviour. He no doubt had in mind a notorious case in Poland where a Polish nobleman boxed the ears of a Russian official who had dared to insult his wife, and in consequence was threatened not only with Siberia, but the confiscation of his estates; and he only managed to escape both by paying an outrageously large bribe, the money for which was raised spontaneously by his many friends and a host of loyal peasants.

My note-book is full of sickening details such as these which I am forced to hint at rather than relate for fear of unfortunate consequences to innocent men.

The devilish refinement of Russian persecution

lies in the fact that it is not carried out according to any law, or even edict of the Czar, but that it is produced by the licence permitted the officials who govern a district. At any moment a Russian police force may enter a man's premises, tell him that he has been guilty of a wrong, that he must go before the tribunal unless he chooses to pay a fine or bribe. The bribe is, of course, paid; for even though the man knows himself to be thoroughly innocent, he has no mind to sit six weeks in jail while his case is undergoing scrutiny.

If a man wishes to make an improvement to his house, to erect a new mill, to do any of the hundred things that represent progress, he is sure to have obstacles placed in his way for the purpose of producing bribes—and it is hardly worth pointing out that such a course of administrative tyranny destroys a people commercially, and saps every incentive to honest dealing and municipal energy.

There was a time, and since 1863, that Poles were divided in their allegiance, and many hoped that incorporation with so vast a country as Russia would bring them material prosperity in exchange for political bankruptcy. Warsaw was excellently situated to serve as a great *entrepôt* between the east and the west, and her merchants were in a position to take advantage of this happy position. But the Government quickly put an end to this delusion by every police interference that could discourage Polish trade. Of course, what was done as an imperial measure in closing the Polish frontier against German and Austrian goods was bad enough, but still might be regarded as a measure affecting all Russia. But to-day it costs twice as much to send a bale of goods from Poland to Russia as from Russia to Poland. The railway tariff has been arranged with a view to forcing Poland to consume only Russian goods, and to make it impossible for Poles to purchase such goods by sending in exchange their own products.

In this case they are not merely dragged down to the level of the Russians, but are treated even worse.

The Polish peasantry who belong to the Greek Church, but not as orthodox members, are harried in every way; and the more they are persecuted the more tenaciously do they cultivate hatred for the Czar. The Polish landowners and aristocracy have to submit to innumerable vexatious enactments; they cannot sell a piece of land to one of their own people; they can sell only to a Russian. If a landowner dies, his property is sold for the benefit of his children, but as no Pole can buy land in Poland, it follows that no one of this man's children can buy back his father's land. If he wishes to employ anyone to manage a mill or machine for him, he will find the greatest difficulty in doing so unless he bribes so many officials as to make his enterprise a financial failure.

No educated Pole can get employment in his own country in any career directly or indirectly depending on Government favour; that means, that as an engineer, a physician, a lawyer, and more particularly as a candidate for the army or the civil service, he is a hopeless man, unless he is prepared to adopt the Greek religion and forswear his nationality. Polish officers are told frankly by their superiors that it is useless for them to hope for advancement while they remain in Poland. If they want to get on in their career they must work their way out to the Eastern frontiers—Caucasus, Siberia, anywhere so long as it is far from their home.

In view of the menacing movement which Russia is making against Western Europe, the attitude of Poland becomes interesting, not merely through our sympathy with outraged humanity, but as a factor in a possible war. It is worth remembering that the Poland of 1891 is a vastly more mature and rational creature than the Poland of 1863. The country has been tried in a hard school; it has learned to give up political ambitions; it has become a unit through blood and iron, and stands now before the world as a land where seven millions of

Christians pray daily for deliverance from the heel of a brutal, degrading tyrant. They have hated the Germany of Bismarck because that Government represented an intolerance little short of the Czar's. They now pray for the approach of a German army. They no longer dream of a dynasty, a frontier, a national future—they have learned to find happiness in the idea of bare existence—in the mere cessation of persecution. "Let Europe do with us what it will," is their cry; "let it treat us severely—harshly. We can still expect to live and develop under its rule. But what can we expect from a continuance of Russian administration? Only moral degradation and beggary."

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE POLITICAL POSITION IN ARGENTINA.

FROM AN ARGENTINE CORRESPONDENT.

[ONCE more we are face to face with an Argentine crisis; and the daily history of the South American republic is again occupying the attention of newspaper readers and newspaper writers. Nor can we be surprised at this fact when we remember the two hundred millions of English capital now sunk in the country. But what is surprising is that among the many comments and meagre telegrams devoted from day to day to Argentine affairs, no clear and comprehensive view of the political situation in that country has yet been published in the English press. Such a view we have sought to obtain from the best authorities, and we trust that by means of it the mystery of the Argentine crisis will be made apparent to all our readers.]

Everybody remembers the revolution of last summer, which culminated in the removal of the then President, Dr. Celman, and the formation of a new Government for the purpose of administering the affairs of the country, until the constitutional period should arrive for the election of a President in regular course. It was a fresh element in Argentine politics—a new force in the arena of strife amongst parties—which brought this revolution to a successful issue.

The "Union Civica" was established in April, 1890, and was a political association of vast dimensions, with local branches in the provinces, although the chief centre of its operations was the city of Buenos Ayres. The "watchwords" of this new movement were "Freedom of Election" and "Purity in Administration," and to the banners of the association were attracted not only "Young Argentina"—the rising and aspiring members of Argentine political clubs—but hundreds of the best families who had for years held aloof from public affairs, and to whom the word "politics" had become a bye-word. At the head of the Union Civica, as leaders and controllers of the movement, were Dr. Del Valle, an eminent lawyer and influential member of the Chamber of Deputies, and Dr. Alem, an able, though, as many think, a somewhat reckless political agitator. Goaded into violent opposition to the then Government—first by the corruption, and secondly by the insults of the President and his party—the Union Civica gave proof of their power by the revolution to which we have referred; and upon the formation of the "stop-gap" Ministry which took the place of that of Dr. Celman, the new association obtained the entry into the Cabinet of Dr. Lopez, as Minister of Finance, and Dr. Gutierrez, as Minister of Education. Dr. Pellegrini, the former Vice-President, took, as his constitutional right, the office of President of the Republic; and General Roca, a former President, and probably, owing to his influence with the army, one of the most powerful men in the country, undertook the portfolio of the Ministry of the Interior.

Such, then, was the position of affairs in August, 1890. Great expectations were entertained that there would immediately begin a renewed era of peace

and prosperity. The gold premium—the recognised barometer of the political and financial condition and prospects—fell in a few days from 220 to 120 per cent. But unfortunately the work of the Revolution was only half accomplished when Celman was driven from the Government House to his private estancia at Arrecifes. His party still retained the upper hand in the Chambers, and from that day to this its members have been in a position to consider their own personal interests before those of their country. Although therefore a three years' "breathing-time" has been afforded to the Republic, as regards its external liabilities, by the able exertions of Dr. V. de la Plaza in negotiating with Lord Rothschild's Committee, the financial position has, day by day and month by month, gone from bad to worse. Wild and foolish financial schemes have been adopted with little thought, and less heed, of the consequences; and projects for the protection of the legislators themselves, as debtors of the National and Provincial Banks, have found an easy passage through the Argentine Parliament. Fortunately the time has almost arrived when a certain proportion of the deputies must retire or seek re-election; and strong hopes have been entertained that better and wiser men will be returned at the elections which will take place during this month. According to the Constitution, the Presidential election takes place, as we have stated, next year. It was therefore requisite for the leaders of the Union Civica to decide upon the candidate whom they should then nominate and support. With unanimity their eyes turned to General Mitre. The General was at the time travelling in Europe, but at his country's call he hastened his return and allowed himself to be nominated. General Roca, the hero of the army and the most powerful man of the "Provincial Party"—that is, the party supporting the remaining provinces as opposed to the province of Buenos Ayres—had also been spoken of as a candidate; but it was "glad tidings of great joy" when, upon the arrival of General Mitre in Buenos Ayres, it was announced that General Roca had decided to throw his great influence upon the side of General Mitre, and to renounce for himself any pretensions to the Presidency. There appeared, therefore, a general accord of parties for the election of General Mitre as President; and Senor Uriburu, a diplomat of high standing, and a member of a family greatly respected in the Republic, was accepted at the same time as the candidate for the office of Vice-President.

It was, perhaps, only too natural in an association so great and so new as the Union Civica that dissensions should very speedily appear. Dr. Alem and a certain number of "ultra-Radicals," as they may be termed, as opposed to those inclined to more practical methods, resented the interference of General Roca in their counsels. They looked upon him as too closely allied to the former corrupt Administration, and for a time a somewhat serious split was apprehended in the party. Attempts were made by Dr. Alem and his supporters to obtain suitable candidates other than General Mitre and Senor Uriburu, but later advices appear to point to the failure of such efforts, and until the last few days a general desire prevailed throughout the Republic to support General Mitre, and place him once again at the head of the nation. General Mitre is eminent in his country as a statesman and soldier. He has won laurels as a poet and an historian, and of late years has exerted his influence, for the well-being of the State, as the chief editor and proprietor of the most important newspaper of the Republic. Upon retiring from his former Presidency a poor man, a spontaneous public subscription enabled him to establish *La Nacion* newspaper, a periodical conducted with an enterprise and literary ability which would ensure for it ample credit in any European capital.

Our space will not allow us to quote from the addresses of the General, the whole spirit of which,

however, is one of determination that, in his hands, the aim of the Government would be to direct the country along just and constitutional paths, and to put an end to the political struggles which sap the national vitality. Under his guidance honesty in the administration of public affairs would have been again secured. He would have been able to attract once more to his Ministry the wisest heads and the strongest hands amongst Argentine statesmen; and under such a Government a speedy return to a more prosperous condition of affairs would have been probable. Argentina has enormous and still undeveloped resources. Its natural wealth is not denied; and it has only been owing to reckless, ignorant, and corrupt government, inducing wild speculation and absurd extravagance amongst the people, that a check has been put upon the progress of the Republic, and a blow given to the national credit which can only be recovered by years of wise finance and political honesty.

Such was the position of affairs at the end of last week, when, to the great disappointment of many friends of and investors in Argentina, telegrams arrived which showed that again the political state of the country was resolved into something approaching chaos. The announcement was that General Mitre had resigned his candidature for the Presidency, although promising his co-operation in constitutional courses for the restoration of his country. It appeared that both General Roca and Dr. Pellegrini had endeavoured to induce General Mitre to reconsider his decision, but without avail, the President having, by the way, been censured by the Senate for his efforts. General Roca had issued a manifesto announcing his retirement from political life, and his intention of immediately leaving for Europe. The inhabitants of Buenos Ayres were stated to be in such an excited condition that a revolution was looked upon as possible, if not probable, the Government deeming it necessary to concentrate the available troops, in order to be prepared for any eventuality.

The public demanded an entire reconstruction of the Ministry, three members of which had already resigned their portfolios, viz., Dr. Costa, the Minister of Foreign Affairs; Dr. Caballido, the Minister of Education; and Dr. Lopez, Minister of Finance. In one of the telegrams it was stated that Dr. Quintana would probably be put forward as the new candidate for the Presidency, though more recent messages do not confirm the news. Dr. Quintana is a lawyer of eminence in the Republic, and has held official positions before. He was selected as delegate to the Pan-American Conference in Washington.

Such, then, is the position as we write. The change in the prospects of agreement is a sad disappointment. It had been announced that very large shipments of gold had been arranged to be made forthwith, and Argentine stocks and securities showed an immediate and substantial advance. The events of the next few days will be of momentous importance to the immediate present and to the future prospects of the Argentine Republic, and further news is looked for with much anxiety. Already we hear that the Chambers—Senators and Deputies—have evidently become alarmed at the state of anarchy which has been produced by the wholesale resignation of the Ministers referred to, and have passed, by large majorities, votes of confidence in the Cabinet, the position of which, by their own recent action, they had rendered almost impossible.

"THE STRAND."

THE unpromising electoral contest in the Strand which Dr. Gutteridge is now waging against Mr. Frederick Smith brings prominently to notice the almost unique character of that constituency. We all know it as the land of Charing Cross, of theatres and of clubs, but it has other remarkable characteristics. It is, to begin with, a constituency of purely

artificial formation. Save for the purpose of electing representatives to Parliament and the County Council, the Strand Borough has no corporate existence. Beyond these representatives and a register of electors, it possesses absolutely no common institutions, and there is no need to add that it has never developed the slightest trace of a corporate consciousness. Its boundaries coincide with neither ecclesiastical, parochial, municipal, poor law, educational, nor historical divisions, and include or overlap all these.

To bind these heterogeneous materials into a "borough" for the purpose of sending a Burgess to the House of Commons, and then to give this statute-made borough the incongruous name of "The Strand," was a typically practical achievement of a nation notoriously deficient in a sense of historic fitness. The whole proceeding reminds one, indeed, of the map-making which is practised on the other side of the Atlantic. Nor is it easy to understand what object was served by calling the Strand a borough. When the ancient corporation of Westminster was, in 1884, divided into three Parliamentary constituencies, it might have been supposed that these would have been made divisions of the old borough. This course, which is that adopted in the large provincial towns, would have prevented the exercise, at a general election, of a vast number of duplicate votes. As things now are, there are scores of persons possessing votes for each of the three independent boroughs into which Westminster is divided, and hundreds who are in the same position as regards two of them.

Mr. Frederick Smith will, however, scarcely need the help of these duplicate voters. When his father contested Westminster in 1865 and 1868, he spent a sum which, in these days of Corrupt Practices Acts, sounds almost fabulous. Most of this money was laid out in the portion of the district which is now the Strand Borough, and the popular allegiance to the great house of Smith has never since wavered. The Conservative knowledge of the ways and means of winning votes was at that time extensive and peculiar. The agent had apparently a sublime faith in the value of advertisement, for there was scarcely a court or alley in the district where several householders did not receive sums varying from one to five pounds in payment for the exhibition of bills in favour of the Conservative candidates. Those good old days are still remembered with affection by old inhabitants of the slums of Soho and the Great Pulteney Street area, perhaps the very densest populations in London.

The social and industrial character of the constituency is almost extraordinarily varied. Clare Market is no more, and registration agents are now hunting up the expropriated electors who were registered there last July twelvemonths. But cheek by jowl with Clare Market lies the shopkeeping and theatrical thoroughfare of the Strand, where there are more public-houses to the square mile than in any other part of the metropolis. This, again, has little or nothing in common with the shopkeeping district of Regent Street, or the banks and offices of Charing Cross. Francis Place is dead, and his tailor's shop opposite the Nelson Column is no longer the centre of every social and political ferment, all graphically recorded in his seventy volumes of manuscript in the British Museum. The Liberalism of the constituency to-day is found rather in Soho, the home for many years of Karl Marx, and unrecorded birthplace of any number of working-class movements, or among the tailors of the squalid district between Oxford Street and Regent Street. These are the voters who will go to the poll on Tuesday against the clubs, the music-halls, and the public-houses. Westminster has great traditions in the history of Radicalism, and although we cannot hope to win the Strand until we get "One Man One Vote," there is some reason to believe that Dr. Gutteridge's plucky fight will have done much to wake up a political life which the constituency has missed for half a generation.

THE SCIENCE AND ART OF RAIN-MAKING.

THE needs of commerce and of the practical arts are the opportunities of science. Geology, for example, as a science owes much to the art of well-sinking, to the driving of tunnels and making of cuttings by the railway engineer, and to the excavations of the miner. The followers and devotees of geology being for the most part men of limited means, and the general public caring little for spending money on scientific experiments, if it had not been for the labour of practical men, and the promises they held out of some substantial return for moneys advanced by the public, no extensive artificial sections of the strata would have been made. This would have been not only to the loss of science, but to the loss also of the practical man, to whom, for all that he has gained, the geologist has given good measure in return. In meteorology, too, there has been some give and take between the man of science, who seeks to explain phenomena, and the practical man, whose aim is to utilise science in the commercial spirit; but this, if we are to give credit to information just received from America, is likely to be exemplified in a new branch of the science and art of the weather. It is not many weeks since it was announced in the *Standard* that heavy rainfall had been induced in Texas through the instrumentality of oxyhydrogen balloons and dynamite and "rendrock powder." And now—so rapid is the development of matters on the further side of the Atlantic—we hear that rain-making is to be applied as a practical art, and that north-western Kansas is to be watered by artificially induced rainfall at a dollar an acre. The following telegram from Topeka, Kansas, which has appeared in the *Times*, is our authority for this somewhat startling statement:—

"Melbourne, the rain-maker, signed a contract on Saturday with a local organisation to water the north-western part of Kansas during June, July, and August, 1892, at the rate of one dollar per acre of the area watered. It is Melbourne's intention to hold a series of mass-meetings throughout the north-western States for the purpose of awakening interest in his enterprise."

The system that has been adopted in the United States for the artificial production of rainfall is briefly as follows:—Balloons, containing some thousands of cubic feet of oxyhydrogen gas, were exploded at heights of from one to ten thousand feet from the surface of the ground. The balloons were followed by kites, to which were attached packets of dynamite, and these were also fired by electricity. And heavy charges of rendrock powder were exploded by similar means over a considerable area. The result of all this seems to have been that clouds were formed in a clear sky and heavy rain fell over a considerable area of the surrounding country. These seem to be the general facts as reported from America. In seeking to explain them we must keep steadily in view the conditions under which clouds and rain are normally produced.

It is well known that the clear and transparent air at and near the surface of the earth contains a store of invisible water-vapour, and that the amount of this vapour which the air is able to contain depends upon its temperature. The warmer the air, the more invisible moisture it can hold. If, therefore, the air is cooled, its storage capacity for invisible moisture is diminished; and if this is carried far enough, there is reached a point at which it can no longer hold the moisture it contains. This is called the saturation point; when it has been reached, further cooling is accompanied by the conversion of the invisible vapour into visible water. But just as heat is absorbed by water in being converted into water-vapour, so, conversely, when the water-vapour is converted into liquid, heat is given out, and the air in which the condensation of moisture is going on is thereby warmed; so that, while the cooling of air produces the condensation of moisture, this condensation of moisture tends to warm the air. One way in which the air may be cooled is by its being carried

from lower to higher regions of the atmosphere. Not only is it passing under these conditions to regions of lower temperature, but it is constantly expanding through the reduction of pressure upon it; and this expansion is also accompanied by cooling. An ascending column of air on a still day is therefore, if it is carried far enough, capped by cloud, which results from the condensation of the moisture it contained.

In old days it used to be thought that the minute particles of water in a cloud were of the nature of little hollow bladders of water—miniature bubbles, in fact. This is now known to be erroneous. The particles are minute liquid water-spheres. But it was reserved for Mr. Aitken to demonstrate that for the formation of these minutely spherical cloud-drops the presence of dust motes in the air was necessary. A smoky atmosphere is therefore especially favourable to the formation of fog or cloud. But it is one thing to have cloud, and another thing to have rain. The minute cloud-drops do not readily coalesce into rain-drops. Physicists have shown that each liquid drop has a sort of skin, and when two or more drops come together they cannot coalesce unless this skin be in some way broken. It has been shown, however, that if a fine jet of water be allowed to break up into a spray of little droplets, the electrification of the jet causes the droplets to run together into heavy drops. And when a jet of condensing steam is electrified, the minute particles run together to form drops of appreciable size. For if the jet be placed in a beam of light before a white screen, its shadow, previous to electrification, is almost invisible; but after electrification it is well marked and orange-brown in tint, owing to the obstruction of the shorter waves of the white light. Three points therefore stand out from this brief recapitulation of what is known concerning the formation of cloud in comparatively still air. First, that the cloud may be produced through the production of an ascending column of air; secondly, that the presence of dust or smoke particles in the air promotes condensation; thirdly, that the coalescence of drops may be induced under electrical conditions. It does not seem, so far as experimental results go, that a sudden shock or noise has a marked tendency, if any tendency at all, to further the coalescence of the droplets, though a continued musical note is said to have some effect in preventing the dispersal of a thin jet of water.

Applying these facts to the rain-making experiments in America, the most probable supposition is that the explosion of the oxyhydrogen balloon, with its sudden liberation of a great volume of heated water-vapour, set up or initiated an ascending column of air. Under unstable conditions of the atmosphere, not impossible where the air is relatively still, such an ascending column, once initiated, would continue for some considerable time, and would bring about the condensation of the water it contained. For however dry the air might be under the temperature conditions near the earth's surface, it would contain an abundant store of water which could be condensed from it under the different temperature conditions of the upper regions of the atmosphere. The explosions of dynamite with the production of smoke would further the process of condensation. The rapid formation of cloud in a previously cloudless sky would probably be accompanied by electrical conditions. And we are told, that one night, after their experiments, the Texan rain-makers were roused by a crashing peal of thunder. Such may be the explanation of the successful experiments in rain-making. We are very far from saying, however, that such explanation is in any respect complete or entirely adequate. We need further data as to the hygrometric and electric conditions. But if Mr. Melbourne during June, July, and August of next year is successful in watering north-western Kansas at a dollar an acre, his commercial enterprise, to which we wish all success, will once more serve as a grand opportunity for scientific investigation.

"POST PRANDIUM."

"POST PRANDIUM" is a little collection of "Pleasantries in Colloquial Latin." The pictures in it have been taken for the most part from the American humorous papers, while the scraps of dialogue which accompany the pictures have been turned into Latin. Even the advertisements on the outer page are given in Latin. One who has tried a certain soap writes, "Incomparabilis est! Sive pro manibus sive pro facie." "Imitationes cave!" is the warning of the proprietor of a patent medicine. But amid the "pleasantries" a purpose lurks; nay, the purpose is openly stated on the cover. This strange pamphlet has been published, we learn, "in order to show that Latin may be more easily and more pleasantly acquired by treating the language as if it were still a living tongue than by methods now in use." In support of his view, the editor, Dr. Constantine Stauder, quotes at some length from the Rectorial address of Lord Dufferin, delivered to the students of the University of St. Andrews. Lord Dufferin thinks, and we agree with him, that the present method of teaching Latin is not intelligent, and frequently fails; that the study of the language might be made much more interesting, and that, in consequence, a real knowledge of it might be acquired much more quickly. But Lord Dufferin does not go so far as Dr. Stauder; the latter believes that boys should be taught to speak Latin. Now, we welcome any attempt to improve the present system of classical education, but we doubt if a boy should be taught to talk Latin as he is taught to talk French. We think it unlikely that it would be good for either the Latin or the boy.

The chief objection to the treatment of Latin as a living language is that it is, in the truest sense, a dead language. It is not merely disused; it is out of harmony with its environment. It surely should be needless to point out that changes have taken place since the time of Augustus. A manual of Latin prose may provide the schoolboy with a rendering of some kind for such words as "gunpowder" or "steam-engine"; but no scholar can think that "*machina vi vaporis impulsâ*" is truly satisfactory. Had Romans possessed steam-engines, they would never have designated them by any such clumsy periphrasis. They would have made a word, which as it was they had no need to make. It would be possible, perhaps, to get an awkward Latin equivalent for "a third return to Clapham," or "Smith hit Jones very cleanly to square leg for six," but it would be more valuable as an exercise in ingenuity than as anything else. Dr. Kennedy turned into capital Latin elegiacs a circular requesting a clergyman to attend a meeting of the Bridge Committee to consider Mr. Diffie's proposal for laying down gas-pipes. The circular concluded as follows: "We are, rev. sir, your obedient servants, Smith and Son, solicitors," which was rendered—

"*Hæc tibi devincti Fabri, natusque paterque
Actores socii, vir reverende, dabant.*"

But it is not reasonable to tell a boy to begin where scholars end. It can be no encouragement to a boy to be confronted at the outset with the greatest difficulty that the finished writer of Latin prose has to face. A knowledge of archæology and an appreciation of the Roman spirit and manner of thought may enable the scholar to find a happy parallel where exact rendering is impossible, or to catch the meaning in one of those abstract nouns which have been produced by the subtle analysis of modern times. A boy has not that knowledge and appreciation. Other points might be urged, but it is not necessary to say more, for we cannot believe that anyone really imagines that a boy would learn Latin best by being taught to talk it in the same way that he is taught to talk a modern language. Latin is too small for modern life; and if one stretches it hurriedly or without skill, as would certainly be

done in ordinary conversation, one only spoils it without making it cover the requirement. At the same time we do not say that under certain conditions boys should not be taught to talk Latin. But it should not be done at the very commencement, and the subject for their talk should be chosen appropriately. There is no reason why boys, for instance, should not discuss Hannibal, as Roman boys did before them, in Latin, if the practice helps to fix in their memory two of the finest books of Livy, and to interest them in the work. The vocabulary provided by the ordinary exercise book is far too limited. Far more might be done to bring vividly before the eyes of boys that environment with which the Latin language was in harmony when it really lived. It would help to make them understand better its spirit, its potentialities, and its limitations. It is not impossible that "Post Prandium" may suggest to some teachers of the classics a more intelligent method than they are adopting at present.

To those who are not teachers, but who know a little Latin—a very little is enough—"Post Prandium" will seem rather novel and amusing. The printer has, of course, had his wicked way with the dead language in places. He has succeeded in making a couplet unintelligible. But surely the printer is not responsible for the slip contained in the following: "Si omnes angulos et recondita mihi facultatem investigandi daretur." And this is not the only slip of its kind.

THE USUAL MISTAKE.

UNWARNED by eighty years of failure, the *Quarterly Review* has been talking again about the *Belles Lettres*. There is something noble in this persistency, something quixotic, that disarms ridicule of its sting, touching the heart while it tickles the lungs. We are used to thrill when we hear the old story of Disraeli's first speech in the House: but what must our feelings have been if four times a year for eighty odd years he had repeated his "Gentlemen, a time will come," etc.? To have written three hundred and forty-six critical essays merely to prove that an Englishman never knows when he is beaten is a tremendous feat in itself—so tremendous, indeed, that one feels conscious of an impertinence in pointing out that criticism may be used for another purpose. Yet we will risk it, if only to encourage this hoary joke.

This time the *Quarterly* reviewer has discovered that we have no prose Shakspeare at present. What difference it would make to him if we had, is not apparent; but let that pass. We have no prose Shakspeare. We have the "extremes of both ends" of a Shakspeare, and possibly (though he does not vouch for this) the ends of both extremes: but we have not "the golden mean, which is equal to all occasions, nor the clear light revealing man to himself in this present century." We have Mr. Stevenson, who is the "rosy pink," and Mr. Meredith, who is the "disconsolate drab" (which is *not* meant for a synonym of "the penitent Magdalen"), and we have Mr. Rider Haggard, who is neither pink, nor drab, nor a golden mean equal to all occasions, nor a prose Shakspeare. So far so good: this is what the reviewer sets out to prove, and he proves it.

Now, that any man should think such a proposition worth thirty pages of print is not a little odd: but that, again, we will allow to pass. In order to establish it, however, he takes the works of Messrs. Meredith and Stevenson, and proceeds to call attention to their defects. And here we would really like to take this gentleman for five minutes and set him in a corner and ask him for what purpose he imagines he is in this world. It would be useful to know. Does he seriously believe that he justifies his

existence in the sight of men by telling them that George Meredith's work could have been better done?—or by pointing out to them what he thinks would have been an improvement in such a book as "The Egoist"? Is he actually persuaded that by doing so he is serving his fellow-creatures? Does he in his heart imagine this to be criticism? Such are the questions we should like to put to him. And yet it is clear enough that the critic really imagines all this. He talks—it is amazing, but he does—of fitting a *san benito* on Mr. Meredith! But the passage is too delicious to be left unquoted:—

"The *san benito* which we are fitting on Mr. Meredith is, it will be seen, decorated with charming figures of Zephyr and the cherub-winds, putting silver trumpets to their rosy mouths. For we think he deserves to be at least led round the fire, bearing his own volumes instead of a bundle of faggots on his shoulder, if not to be scorched a little, or let us say, burnt in the hand."

Consider it! This person, of whom we know nothing except that he is fatuous, solemnly conducting, as a sort of duty, to the penitential fire George Meredith, who for thirty-two years has been enriching the world with his proud genius. Then reflect upon this anonymuncule's declaration that, as he is great, he will be merciful, and content himself with burning George Meredith in the hand. It is some consolation to think that, as most human beings are capable of instruction, this critic may one day be educated to a point at which he will wake in the night and sweat in his little bed when he remembers that sentence about the *san benito*, and the cherub-winds, and George Meredith's hand. And yet, it is not with him that the blame lies, but with the whole practice of British criticism. Let it be once understood that an artist's work may be taken and used as a spring-board off which the reviewer may turn back-somersaults and exhibit other tricks in the face of a pitying heaven, and this sort of thing is bound to result, sooner or later. As soon as criticism ceases to be understood as the art of enjoying masterpieces—as soon as books are sent out to a reviewer on the understanding that he may employ them as foils for his own smartness—it is only a question of time before we find some diminutive Philistine pulling faces over work in front of which, for his own soul's good, he ought to be kneeling in profound abasement. It is only a question of time, then, before somebody struts forward and dismisses Dickens in a few lines, after this fashion—

"Dickens, again, is by profession both clown and pantaloon, but he is quaint, affectionate, pitiful, the genius of oddity personified, no less than the stage-struck sentimentalist; he is Smollett *redivivus*, and, rugged as the old Scotch surgeon was, both he and his imitator displayed a manliness beyond the reach of ten thousand Rousseaus. But mere sentiment, even in Dickens, is a fault and never a virtue. . . . Your Dickens may be popular, lovable, unforgotten. Something, however, there is which forbids us to name him classic. Is it the want of thought, of philosophy? He cries and laughs in quick succession; but he writes the comedy of the footlights and is unequal to the deeper, more subdued, yet infinitely more piercing, comedy of life. His strong point, if we may venture on the expression, is pathetic burlesque. He will always fascinate those who are touched by transpontine melodrama played to a full house, not the student or man of the world, but the unlearned crowd."

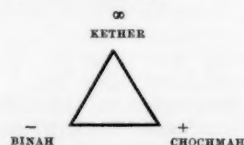
Now, let it be remarked that our reviewer speaks of Dickens in a tone of superiority. Until we are informed more largely of his achievements we must suspect that this attitude is a mistaken one. We forbear to dwell upon the ineptitude of the criticism; but it appears that this unnamed person feels himself forbidden to "name" Dickens "a classic." But why should he feel the responsibility of giving or withholding that title? Who dowered him with this high office, in the execution of which he feels these qualms? Perhaps he will be frank, and will inform the world.

For the time is surely come when we may ask the critic to define his position in the scheme of things. Does he believe himself to move among us for the purpose of passing sentence on Shakspeare, Dickens, or Meredith? Or is it his business to take

Shakspeare, Dickens, Meredith, and use them as foils for the better display of his own wit? Or should he, as we believe, approach Shakspeare, Dickens, Meredith humbly, as writers whom he should (so far as he can) help other men to enjoy? If we are right, then the *Quarterly's* reviewer who (compassionately, but from a sense of duty) proposes to burn George Meredith in the hand, has rather widely mistaken his calling. It is only fair to add, however, that, even as reviewers go, he is an egregious person.

ESOTERIC ÆSTHETICS IN PARIS.

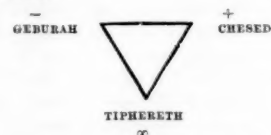
THE other week there was some talk about "beauty"—beauty "in the aibstrack"—in these columns, and a correspondent expressed a faint hope that "we may one day succeed in isolating the quality common to all works of art in which resides their artistic merit. If any such constant element exists, and if we should ever track it, we may, not impossibly, agree to call it 'beauty.'" This correspondent will be agreeably surprised to hear that his quintessential beauty has now been tracked, though its tracker, being no common man, but an esoteric aesthete, does not agree to call it beauty. He calls it Tiphereth; and he calls himself Emile Michelet. M. Michelet is "off and on" a poet (as the lady in *Hedda Gabler* was a singer). But he is always a Mage—a professor, that is, of white magic, by no means to be confounded with a Magician, or professor of the black kind—and he has lately revealed the nature of abstract beauty, or Tiphereth, in his treatise, "*De l'Ésotérisme dans l'Art*" (Librairie du Merveilleux, 29, Rue de Trévise, Paris). It is a curious little book, not easily to be understood of the people. Indeed, it is not meant to be; for it is a point of honour with a Mage to be—like the "buth of Jeames" in Mr. Andrew Lang's favourite quotation—"wrop in a mistry." But even a Mage may condescend to have an object, and M. Michelet's is "to discover the essence of Beauty in the synthesis whereby the occultists convey their notions about the world." An essential preparation for this discovery is some slight acquaintance with cabalistic lore; also, with the properties of triangles. We have all, to be sure, heard of "The Loves of the Triangles." But that is quite another story. In the present inquiry we shall find our triangles not in love, but in opposition. Listen, and perpend. The Cabala, as you may, or may not, know already, postulates the existence of ten manifestations (Sephiroth) of the absolute Being (our Mage is lavish of capital letters). You start by neglecting the tenth, as you neglected the weight of the elephant in the Cambridge Problem paper. There remains, obviously, nine, and these you divide into three triads. The first triad is that of the metaphysical world, the second of the intellectual world, the third of the natural world. Now the third member of the second triad is Tiphereth, or Beauty, and to ascertain its relationship with the five other elements of the two first triads, M. Michelet bids you employ the "pantacular process." It is much more easy than it looks. You begin by symbolising your first triad, the triad of the metaphysical world, by the triangle



Kether, you know, expresses absolute Being—i.e., the most vast conception that Thought forms of Substance. (Never mind about Chochmah and Binah.)

Now construct your second triangle, the triangle

of the intellectual world. Only this one you turn upside down, thus—



Tiphereth, as we began by explaining, is absolute Beauty. (Never mind about Geburah and Chesed.) The next step is, "in virtue of the principle of analogy (*sunt quæ superius sicut quæ inferius*)"—so runs the Latin of the Mage—to oppose the two triangles, thus obtaining a "senary pantacle," or



You now turn your attention to the third triad, the triad of the natural world, which has been hitherto left out in the cold. You construct its triangle (this time in imagination, please, to give the printer breathing-time) as you did those of the other two, and then you oppose it to the second triangle (again turned upside down), thus—



Jesod, by the way, is the Foundation of Being, the Essence of the World. (Never mind about Netzah and Hod.)

There! Now you have got it, you have penetrated the grand secret! Compare the last two figures (or senary pantacles), and you see that, on the one hand, Beauty is a mirage or reflection of Kether, of absolute Being, "the nearest approximation to the mysterious Ainsoph"; on the other, it is a reflection of Jesod, the Essence of the World. Delightfully simple, isn't it? So simple that, says M. Michelet, "all great poets, all great artists, have had the intuition of this nature of Beauty."

And, what is more to the point, some of them have had more than the intuition of it. Among the poets and the artists there have been some who have known the occult synthesis and been quite expert in playing with triangles. We call them Initiates or Mages. The designer of the Sphinx was among them, and the architect of the Pyramids: nay, even the first *maître de ballet*! "The art of theatrical dancing, in times when it was not, as it is to-day, a diversion, a pleasure for the eyes, was full of *enseignements initiatiques*." Thus Mesdemoiselles Letty Lind and Sylvia Grey are Mages without knowing it, and the Gaiety is an Esoteric Temple. Beware, lest in your haste you smile at this notion, for M. Michelet will call you very unpleasant names: he will speak severely of "la niaiserie analytique des cerveaux contemporains et leur impuissance à voir synthétiquement."

After this, you will not be surprised to learn that Shakespeare was a Mage. Whether or no he was Francis Bacon (whom M. Michelet kindly calls a "savant considérable"), this much is certain, that he was "un grand Initié, que les magistes doivent révéler autant que Pythagore ou Khunrath ou Paracelse." Only, he dissembled, because in those times they were given to burning occultists. "It would need a whole volume of commentaries to reveal all the esotericism of Shakespeare's work." Meanwhile, you may take it from M. Michelet that the most punctilious magist would not find a single infraction of magic ritual, not a single

heresy against occult doctrine, in all Shakespeare. *Lea*, for instance, is the artistic expression of the astrological formula, *Astra inclinant, non necessitant*. Hamlet observes all the occult etiquette in conversing with his father's ghost. M. Michelet has even been forcibly struck by the scrupulous fidelity with which M. Mounet-Sully, in dealing with "old mole," follows the ceremonial employed by the magists in dealing with the Elementals. Needless to add that M. Michelet has much to say about the witches in *Macbeth*, and the "extreme magnetic sensibility" of the dame who makes the well-remembered remark about "By the pricking of my thumbs." Shakespeare's triumphant claim to be an Initiate, a Mage, rests, however, upon *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; a duology, it seems, whose four chief figures, Oberon, Titania, Ariel, and Puck, symbolise the mystery of the number 4.

The humour of it is that M. Michelet, whenever he comes to the *crux* of his demonstration, calmly shirks it with the Civil Service examinee's old excuse—"No time!" "Des affirmations dont je n'ai pas le temps, aujourd'hui, de fournir la preuve" (p. 15). "J'aimerais à en montrer la logique profonde, mais il me faudrait des pages et des pages" (p. 23). "L'espace me fait défaut pour approfondir le sens esotérique du," etc. etc. (p. 26). 'Tis a little baffling to outsiders; but then, why is a Mage a Mage, if not for the very purpose of baffling the outsider? This diverting book concludes with a brief list of literary occultists—Intuitive and Initiate. Among the Intuitives you have "Hugo, Lamartine, Shelley, Baudelaire, Poe, Carlyle, Barbey d'Aureville, etc. etc." ("etc. etc." is a little vague); among the Initiates, "Goethe, Balzac, Bulwer Lytton, and Villiers de L'Isle-Adam."

Those who are minded to pursue the subject of White Magic beyond the limits of æsthetics will find all the information they want in "La Magie," by G. Plytoff (J.-B. Baillié et Fils), the latest volume of the "Bibliothèque Scientifique Contemporaine." M. Plytoff is not exactly a Mage; but he seems in a fair way of becoming one. Meanwhile he figures for you the horoscope of Napoleon I. and the talisman of Catherine de Médicis.

AUTUMN OPERA.

TWO autumn seasons of Italian opera were never before known in London. Two Italian operas or none was, until the last few years, the general rule in connection with the summer months. Occasionally, too, a timid operatic experiment has been made during the early winter; generally with inferior vocalists. At present, however, we have two well-appointed companies performing foreign opera at two different London theatres; one with a selection of works, chiefly, if not exclusively, of the French school, at Covent Garden, under the direction of Sir Augustus Harris; the other with a purely Italian repertory at the Shaftesbury Theatre, under the direction of Signor Lago: a repertory which includes Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*, the most striking, most successful opera produced in Italy since the early days of Rossini. The Shaftesbury Theatre opened with *La Cavalleria Rusticana* one night before Sir Augustus Harris began operations with *Roméo et Juliette* at Covent Garden; and Mascagni's work having been received with unbounded applause, a small but energetic band of Italian enthusiasts in the pit called out vociferously for "l'opera Italiana," while pronouncing maledictions on "Harris, e l'opera Francese."

Now it so happens—it indeed could scarcely be otherwise—that Mascagni, by whose stimulating music the Italian fanatics of the Shaftesbury Theatre had been excited beyond all power of self-control, has been greatly impressed by the genius of Bizet and of Gounod. The musical physiognomy of Alfio, the

Sicilian carrier, in *La Cavalleria*, recalls by many points and phrases that of Escamillo, the Andalusian bull-fighter, in Bizet's *Carmen*, while he also resembles Ourrias, the Provençal bull-marker, in Gounod's *Mireille*. The orchestral intermezzo, again, one of the most beautiful and most successful pieces in *La Cavalleria*, might almost pass for Gounod's own work. Verdi, it is true—Verdi in his latest manner—has influenced Mascagni more than either Gounod or Bizet; and there is much in the new composer that is absolutely original. Nevertheless, he has profited sufficiently by the works of the modern French composers to make it ridiculous to look upon him as the champion of Italian in contradistinction to French operatic music.

The plot of *La Cavalleria Rusticana* is borrowed from a poem by Erba (in his "Scene Popolare"), which has met with abundant admiration throughout Italy, and which, by a recent decision in the Law Courts, entitles its author to receive half the profits derived from the representation of Mascagni's opera. This judgment will have the effect of making Erba a millionaire. Turiddu (to return to the plot), an amorous young Sicilian, has deceived an affectionate but very jealous girl named Salluzza, who, finding that he neglects her for Lola, the wife of Alfio, informs the husband. Alfio challenges Turiddu, who, in token of acceptance, embraces him and (in accordance with a Sicilian custom) bites his right ear. He declares that he will not defend himself, goes to the place of meeting, and allows himself to be killed. With the announcement of his death and the swooning of Salluzza, the little piece, planned in two acts but afterwards compressed into one, comes to an end. As a drama, it is full of action and animation; and it is illustrated by music which, always melodious, always most effectively harmonised, and supported by the most brilliant instrumentation, possesses the supreme merit of being throughout appropriate to the personages and to the situation.

Mascagni's opera differs as much from the operas of his Italian predecessors of the last seventy or eighty years, as did the early operas of Rossini from those of Cimarosa and Paisiello; which were often tuneful, but for the most part tame, and invariably orchestrated in the poorest manner. In the matter of orchestration, Mascagni can scarcely be said to have improved upon Verdi—the Verdi of *Aida* and of *Otello*. But he is superior to the venerable master (now in his eighty-ninth year), by most of the qualities which belong to youth. The part of Turiddu has the advantage of being sung by a tenor, Vignas by name, who is simply the first tenor of the day. Like Mascagni, he is very young; and it seems incredible, what is nevertheless the fact, that three years ago he was a shepherd in the mountains of Catalonia. Mascagni was at that time band-master to an Italian regiment of the line.

Sir Augustus Harris has hitherto given us no autumnal novelty; but he promises Gounod's *Phlémon et Baucis*, not hitherto heard in England, for Saturday (this evening). On the opening night the part of Romeo was undertaken by a tenor from the Grand Opera of Paris—Cossira by name—who was suffering from an attack of hoarseness. The Juliet was Mlle. Simonnet, from the Opéra Comique; a very charming vocalist.

THE DRAMA.

"PAMELA'S PRODIGY"—"THE QUEEN'S ROOM"—
ROMEO COATES.

THE new comedy at the Court, *Pamela's Prodigy*, by Mr. Clyde Fitch, may or may not have been suggested by "The Tuggs's at Ramsgate" and other sketches by Boz. We have the same period, the same quaintly hideous costumes, the same bizarre nomenclature—Mr. Algernon Serious, Mr. Adolphus Todd, Mrs. Pamela Podkins, Miss Lucinda Mitts—and, if we have not Ramsgate, we have Margate

There, however, the resemblance ends; for *Pamela's Prodigy* is not in the least amusing. Its plot is incomprehensible; its characterisation childish; its dialogue contemptible. In short, its production is a blunder, and, with a word of decent condolence for hard-working and able artists like Mrs. John Wood, Mr. Edward Righton, and Mr. George Giddens, condemned to waste their efforts upon a piece of hopeless absurdity, one passes on.

The Queen's Room, given one afternoon this week at the Opera Comique, is a one-act play in blank verse, by Mr. F. Frankfort Moore. Mr. Moore's verse compares favourably with that of our other theatrical poetasters—with Mr. Calmour's, for instance; but that is the best that can be said for it, and that, of course, is not much. The play deals with an episode in the loves of Mary Stuart and Chastelard; the gentleman is in danger of being found in the lady's room at midnight by Darnley and his myrmidons, and is saved by the intervention of a wily priest. Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis was the Queen, Mr. Edward Compton the priest, and Mr. Clarence Blakiston the lover—oddly described by one of the others as an "exotic" poet. The epithet would seem more appropriate to exotic poetry than to indigenous blank verse. As the eponymous hero of Foote's (or, if one is to render unto Caesar, etc., Corneille's, through Steele's) comedy of *The Liar*, Mr. Compton was seen to better advantage. The character of the splendidly mendacious Young Wilding has always been a favourite with actors who, like Elliston and the younger Charles Mathews, excelled in "patter;" and Mr. Compton evidently revels in the vivacity, volubility, and dare-devil impudence of the part.

"*The Life of Robert Coates*," by J. R. and H. H. Robinson (Sampson Low), is a naïve account of a naïve personality. It is in the fitness of things that the life of an amateur actor should be written by amateur authors, on the principle that he who drives fat oxen should himself be fat. Robert, better known as "Romeo" and "Diamond" Coates, the "amateur of Fashion," is the classic example of theatromania. The son of a wealthy West Indian planter, he might have squandered his fortune in rivalling Brummell, or gone into Parliament and voted against Wilberforce, thus leaving posterity ignorant of his existence; but, having been bitten by the tarantula of the theatre, he was fated to become immortalised as hero and martyr—the great heroic figure of the amateur stage, and a martyr to the gibes of professional actors, the contempt of a ribald press, and the nuts and oranges of an unappreciative gallery. Antigua was the birthplace of this genius, and his biographers, knowing, with M. Zola, how important it is to establish the *milieu*, take care to bring us fully acquainted with that interesting island; tell us its latitude and longitude, its area in square miles, how it was discovered in such and such a year by Christopher Columbus, the precise amount of its exports in 1882 and 1886, and how, "in propitious seasons, it grows some good vegetable crops." In 1770 and 1778 Antigua "produced no crops of any kind," but then at some point between these two barren years—to be quite precise, in 1772, evidently a "propitious season"—it produced Romeo Coates. A few years later it produced a theatre, where the band of the regiment in garrison acted as orchestra, "with the consent of its Colonel," and where young Coates first laid his 'prentice hand on Romeo. In 1808, Mr. Coates, heedless of the tender associations of Christopher Columbus, left Antigua (lat. 17° 6' N. and long. 61° 45' W.) and repaired to Bath (lat. and long. not stated). His biographers have not done justice to Bath. They ought to have told us all about King Bladud, and given us statistics of the exports of Bath Olivers in 1882 and 1886; whereas they fob us off with the bare detail that Mr. Coates put up at the York House. There he spouted *Romeo and Juliet* in the coffee-room, and when the people at the breakfast-table complained (Bath was always a literary city) of his textual inaccuracy, he replied proudly, "Ay, that is the reading, I know, for I have

the play by heart, but I think I have improved upon it." Bath was just then in want of a new diversion. Captain Absolute and Miss Lydia had long since deserted it, and Miss Austen's friends, the Tilneys, had not yet arrived. It saw infinite possibilities of sport in Mr. Coates, and persuaded Manager Dimond to let him appear as Romeo. Appear he did, "in a spangled cloak of sky-blue silk, crimson pantaloons, and a white hat trimmed with feathers and glistening with diamonds—which likewise appeared on his knee and shoe-buckles." Likewise, the audience threw apples and orange-peel at him. Well may his biographers complain of the audience's "want of breadth"! Mr. Coates now left Bath, as he had left Antigua, and migrated to Cheltenham. Here, again, Romeo appeared in his diamond knee-buckles. At the line, "Oh, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste," instead of quitting the stage, he per-lustrated it, evidently in quest of some lost property. "Come off, come off!" whispered the prompter; to whom Mr. Coates replied that "he would so soon as he found his buckle." As his biographers very properly remark, this was no great cause for mirth to the loser.

The year 1811 saw Mr. Coates as the gay Lothario at the Haymarket—a very gay Lothario. "His dress was of a species of silk so woven as to give it the appearance of chased silver; from his shoulders hung a mantle of pink silk, edged with bullion fringe; around his neck was a kind of gorget, richly set with jewels; and at his side was a handsome gold-hilted sword." Again the audience displayed deplorable want of breadth—in fact, the play was brought to an untimely end. Later on Mr. Coates played Romeo at the Haymarket; but the audience obstinately refused to broaden. As County Paris lay dead on the ground he was suddenly aroused to life by a terrific blow on the nose from an orange. "Determined, though presumably dead," say our authors, "not to be made a mark of, the actor started to his feet, pointed to the orange, and walked off the stage." And Mr. Coates was considerably annoyed during the tomb scene by shouts of "Why don't you die?" In 1816 Mr. Coates, once more at Bath, and once more as Romeo, made his last appearance on any stage. Henceforward he retired into private life, married a Miss Robinson (ancestress, apparently, of both our authors, who give us minute and pleasing details about several members of the English Family Robinson), got into debt, retreated to Boulogne, and ultimately returned to be run over by a hansom cab in 1848. Romeo Coates seems to have been an amiable, well-bred, and courageous man. He was not, to be sure, a wise one. But it is the featherpates, after all, who increase "the public stock of harmless pleasure"—contribute to the great *comédie humaine*. We are all spectators (when it is not our turn to be performers) of that comedy. Let us not show "want of breadth"!

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

THE writer on ARCHBISHOP TAIT's biography in the *Quarterly* quotes the statement in BISHOP WILBERFORCE's diary that, before acquiescing in TAIT's appointment to the Primacy, MR. DISRAELI had recommended another prelate to the Queen. The name is left blank in the diary, which the reviewer calls a *hiatus valde deflendus*. We thought it had been notorious that the Premier's choice was the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.

THE *Quarterly* article on PRESIDENT LINCOLN is admirable so long as the reviewer merely adapts NICOLAY and HAY's biography, but when he forsakes his guide he falls into error. He says that after the failure of the peace negotiations of 1865 VICE-PRESIDENT STEPHENS exhorted the South to

resist to the last. It would have been strange if a statesman who had originally opposed secession with all his might had selected so inopportune an occasion for fire-eating; and the reviewer might have learned from his authority (vol. x., p. 129) that after the failure of his efforts for peace STEPHENS "gave up the Confederate cause as hopeless, withdrew from Richmond, abandoned the rebellion, and went into retirement."

THE *Edinburgh Review*, on its part, is guilty of misquoting the Biglow Papers:—

"Then you may call me Timbertoes, 'tis wut the people likes,
Sutthin' combinin' morril truth with phancies sech ez strikes."

LOWELL wrote phrases. But what is this to the exploit of a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, who coolly appropriates TENNYSON'S affirmation concerning WELLINGTON—

"Whatever record leap to light,
He never shall be shamed"—

to GENERAL THOMAS, and attributes it to MR. JUSTICE STANLEY MATTHEWS?

THE *Saturday Review*, noticing BISHOP WORDSWORTH'S autobiography, points out three advantages which Cambridge possessed over Oxford in the matter of Tractarianism: that the movement was neither helped nor hindered by authority; that it was free from the unhealthy personal magnetism exercised by NEWMAN; and that it never produced or was influenced by any such featherheads and firebrands as FROUDE and WARD. The reviewer omits to signalise the principal advantage—that the movement at Cambridge never came to anything at all.

AMONG the deaths recently announced is that of MR. GEORGE CUPPLES, the author of that admirable tale of adventure the "Green Hand"—prototype of many of the sea-stories of later days. It must seem strange to many men who remember the "Green Hand" as one of the classics of their boyhood, that its author should have been living only a few days ago.

THE author of "Mademoiselle Ixe" (who, by the way, is MISS HAWKER, the daughter of the late REV. R. S. HAWKER) has produced a real *tour de force* in her new story, "Cecilia de Noël." We shall have occasion to refer to it more fully later on. Here we need only say that as a study of character, and a discussion, partly humorous and partly serious, of the graver problems of life, there has been nothing for many a day to equal this charming book. Another book of the present week which everyone will wish to see is MR. J. M. BARRIE'S "Little Minister."

WE are all grateful to MR. COLLINGWOOD for the reverently edited "Poems of John Ruskin," published in two neat volumes by MR. GEORGE ALLEN, of Orpington and London. MR. RUSKIN'S Helicon, never more than an intermittent fount, practically ceased to flow in his twenty-sixth year. It is, therefore, as the porch of the author's mind that we are to regard these two volumes, and not as a furnished room. In glancing over them we find a very curious thing in the second volume. On page 328, the famous birth-song in "Guy Mannering," beginning

"Twist ye, twine ye, even so,
Mingle threads of joy and woe,"

is printed in its entirety as a composition by MR. RUSKIN, who, however, has only added to the original some verses of his own. This notable mistake, which will doubtless have been pointed out in many

quarters before the appearance of this note, is almost sufficient to make the edition famous with collectors, apart from every other consideration.

EITHER directly or indirectly the Naval Exhibition has been accountable for a number of interesting publications, none of which are likely to exceed in popularity "Humorous Art" (SAMPSON LOW), a wonderful shilling's worth of engravings, illustrative of the social aspects of life in the navy from the drawings in the Exhibition by ROWLANDSON, GILLRAY, CRUIKSHANK, and others. There are between fifty and a hundred illustrations, most of them full-page. Adequate letter-press is supplied by MR. JOSEPH GREGO.

MR. ERNST, the American Assistant-Postmaster, takes much interest in literature and philology, and advances a claim to a discovery in the science of language. As preacher, teacher, author, and editor, he has had a wide experience of mankind, and he maintains that from their speech he can place at once the home, within certain limits, of every person he meets. Lowlanders and coast people pronounce, he says, from the top of the tongue and the lips; highlanders, such as the Scots, the Germans, and the Americans of the mountain region, speak in guttural tones arising far back on the hard palate. "In other words, the centre of pronunciation recedes from the lips to the palate according to topographical conditions."

THE DRAWN BLIND.

SILVER trumpets sounded a flourish, and the javelin-men came pacing down the Fore Street of Tregarrick, with the sheriff's coach swinging behind them, its panels splendid with fresh blue paint and blazoned with florid devices. The wheels were picked out with yellow, and this scheme of colour extended to the coachman and to the couple of lackeys who held on at the back by leathern straps. Each wore a coat and breeches of bright blue, with a canary waistcoat, and was toned off with powder and flesh-coloured stockings at the extremities. Within the coach and facing the horses sat the two judges of the Crown Court and *Nisi Prius*, both in scarlet, with full wigs and little black ventilators on top; facing the judges sat Sir Felix Felix-Williams, the sheriff, in a tightish uniform of the Yeomanry, with a great, nodding shako on his knees, and a chaplain by his side. Behind trooped a rabble of loafers and small boys, pleased and impressed on the whole, but disapproving of the footmen's calves, which were below the traditional girth.

I was standing in the archway of the "Packhorse" Inn, amid a little crowd of grooms and chambermaids, as this pageant approached on its way to church, to hear the assize-sermon. And, standing there, I was witness of a curious little incident of which no one seemed to take any note. At the moment when the trumpets rang out, a very old woman, in a blue camlet cloak, came hobbling out of a grocer's shop, some twenty yards up the pavement, and tottered down ahead of the procession as fast as her decrepit legs would carry her. There was no occasion for hurry, even if she wished to avoid the crowd; for the javelin-men had barely rounded the corner of the long street, and were advancing with a leisurely dignity. But she went by the "Packhorse" doorway as if swift horsemen were after her, clutching the camlet cloak across her bosom, glancing over her shoulder and working her lips inaudibly. I could not help remarking the position of her right arm. It was bent exactly as though she held an infant to her old breast and shielded it while she ran.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

A few paces beyond the inn-door she halted, flung another look behind, and darted across the roadway. There stood a little shop—a watch-maker's—just opposite, and next to the shop a small ope, or passage, with one dingy window over it. She vanished up this passage, at the entrance of which I was standing idly, and without hope to see her again, when, a minute later, a skinny, trembling hand appeared at the window and drew down the blind.

I looked round at the men and maids: but their eyes were all for the pageant, now not a stone's-throw away.

"Who is that old woman who went by?" I asked, touching Caleb, the head ostler, on the shoulder—a diminutive man with bandy legs and a face like a medlar.

Caleb withdrew his gaze grudgingly, and less than a second, from the sheriff's coach. "She in the blue cloak, d'ye mean?—an' ould, ancient, wisht-lookin', timmersome woman?"

"Yes."

"Well, she's called Pinsent—Cordely Pinsent."

He fell into abrupt silence and took stock of the procession, working a straw between his lips and screwing his mouth up into a score of critical wrinkles. Then, as the crowd closed in upon the pomp and circumstance of justice, he turned to me again and went on speaking as one who had been employing a trifling parenthesis.

"... Cordely Pinsent, widow of old Tim Pinsent, that was tailor to all the grandees i' the county, back so far as I can remember. She's ninety, if a day. I can just mind Tim Pinsent—a great red rory-cum-tory chap. Such mighty portly manners, tho'—Oh, very spacious, I 'sure 'ee! Simme, I can see th' ould Trojan now, wi' his white weskit bulgin' out across the shop door like a bow-window hung wi' jewels. Drink killed en. I went to his berryin', such a stretch of experience does a young man get by time he reaches my age. God bless your heart! I can mind when they was hung for forgery."

"Who were hung?"

"People," he answered vaguely; "an' young Willie Pinsent."

"This woman's son?"

"Ay: her son—her only ewe-lamb of a child: tho' 'tis seldom brought upagen her now, poor soul—she's so very ould, an' folks forgits about it. Do 'ee see her window yonder, over the ope?" He pointed across to the soiled white blind that still looked blankly over the street, its lower edge caught up at one corner by a dusty geranium.

"I saw her pull it down."

"Ah, you would, if you was lookin' that way. I've a-seed her do 't a score o' times. Well, when Tim Pinsent drank hissel' to death, at the age o' forty-two, he left her unprovided, wi' a son o' thirteen to maintain or go 'pon the parish. She was a Menhennick, tho', from across the country—a very proud family—an' didn' mean to dip the knee to anybody, an' all the less because she'd demeaned hersel' to start with, by weddin' a tailor. But that was 'scuseable, Tim Pinsent bein' handsome as blazes, an' well-informed up to a point at which he could speak Shakespeare by the yard. So she sold up the stock-in-trade an' took a couple o' rooms—the selfsame rooms you see; an' there she ate less 'n a mouse an' took in fancy needle-work; for a lot o' the gentry's wives round the neighbourhood befriended her—tho' they had to be sly an' hide that they meant it for a favour, or she ha' snapped their heads off. Proud? She'd ha' swept the streets rather than be beholden to the lord-lefenant hissel'. An' all the time she was teachin' her boy, an' tellin' en, whatever happened, to remember he was a gentleman, an' lovin' en wi' all the strength of a desolate woman."

"This Willie Pinsent was a comely boy, too—handsome as old Tim, an' quick at his books. He'd a bold masterful way, bein' proud as iver his mother was, an' well knowin' that there wasn' his match in

Tregarrick for head-work. Such a beautiful hand he wrote!—an' his face as fresh as blossom! When he was turned seventeen he got a place in Gregory's bank: Wilkins an' Gregory it was, i' those aged times. He still lived home wi' his mother, rentin' a room extra wi' his earnin's, an' turnin' one o' the bedrooms into a parlour—that's the very room you're lookin' up at. An' when any father in Tregarrick had a bone to pick wi' his sons he'd advise 'em to take example by young Pinsent. 'So good an' so clever there was no tellin' what he mightn' come to, in time.'

"Well, to cut it short, the lad was too clever. It came out, after, that he'd took to bettin' wi' the rich men, up at the Royal Exchange. But the upshot was that, one evenin', while he was drinkin' tea wi' his mother an' chatterin' away to her in his lovin' light-hearted way, in walks a brace o' constables an' says 'William Pinsent, young chap, I arrests thee 'pon a charge o' counterfeitin' old Gregory's hand-writin', which is a hangin' matter.'

"An' now, sir, comes the cur'ous part o' the tale: for, if you'll believe it, this poor woman wouldn' listen to it—wouldn' hear a word o't. 'What! my son Willie'—she says, hot as Lucifer—'my son Willie a forger! My boy, that I've nussed an' brought up an' studied, knowin' all his pretty, takin' ways, since he learnt to crawl! Gentlemen,' she says, standin' up an' facin' 'em down, 'what mother knows her son if not I? I assure you you'm under a deloosion.'

"Ay, an' she would have it no other. While her son was waitin' his trial in jail, she walked the streets wi' her head i' the air, scornin' the folk as she passed. Not a soul dared to speak pity, an' when old Gregory hissel' met her one afternoon an' began mumblin' that 'he trusted,' an' 'he had little doubt,' an' 'nobody would be gladder than he, if it proved to be a mistake,' she held her skirt aside an' went on wi' a look that turned en to dirt, as he said. 'Gad!' said he, 'she couldn' ha' looked at me wuss if I a-been a tab!' meanin' to say 'instead o' the richest man in Tregarrick.'

"But her greatest freak was seen when th' Assizes came. Sir, she wouldn' even go to the trial. She disdained it. An' when, that mornin', the judges had driven by her window, same as they drove to-day, what do 'ee think she did?"

"She began to lay the cloth i' the parlour yonder; an' then set out the rarest meal, ready for her boy. There was meats—roasted chickens, an' tongue, an' a great ham; an' a bowl of junket, an inch deep in cream, 'cos that was his pet dish; an' all kinds o' little knick-knacks, wi' grapes an' peaches an' nuts an' decanters o' red and white wine. An' flowers—the table was bloomin' wi' flowers. For weeks she'd been plannin' it; an' all the forenoon she moved about, givin' it a touch here an' a touch there, an' takin' a step back to see how beautiful it looked. An' then, as the day wore on, she pulled a chair over by the window an' sat down, an' waited."

"I' those times a capital trial was kept up till late into the night, if need were; an' by-an'-by she called up her little servin'-gal that was then—tho' she's a gran'mother now—an' sends her down to the Court to learn how far the trial had got, an' run back wi' the news."

"Selina Mary—as she was called—runs off, an' comes back wi' word that the judge was just finishin' the summin'-up. Then Mrs. Pinsent went an' lit eight candles, an' set four 'pon the table an' four 'pon the mantel-shelf. You could see the blaze out in the street, an' the room lit up, with the flowers an' fruit an' shinin' glasses. An' over each candle she put a little red silk shade. You niver seed a place look cosier. Then she went back an' waited: but in half an hour called Selina Mary again."

"'Girl,' she say, 'run back to the Court-house, an' as he comes out, tell en to hurry. They must be finished by now.'

"So the little slip of a maid ran back. She was away more 'n twenty minutes, i' which time all

the town that wasn't listenin' to the trial was gathered in front o' Mrs. Pinsent's window gazin' up at the woman inside, that now was titivatin' the table for the fiftieth time, and touchin' up the flowers that had drooped a bit i' the bowls.

"But after twenty minutes, Selina Mary comes pantin' into the house an' upstairs into the parlour, an' then stops 'pon the dreshold, wi' a face as white as paper.

"Oh, missus—," she begins.

"Have they finished?" asks Mrs. Pinsent.

"The poor cheeld was only able to nod.

"Then where's Willie? Why isn't he here?"

"Because—because they've found en "guilty." Oh, mem!—an' they goin' to—"

"Mrs. Pinsent moved 'cross the room, took her by th' arm and led her downstairs. Not a word did she say, but shut the door 'pon her, quite gentle-like. Then she went back an' pulled the blind down slowly. There was a crowd outside, as I've said, an' they watched her doin' it. Her manner was quite ordinary. They watched; an' behind the blind, the eight candles went out, one by one. By time the judge passed back, 'twas all dark—only the blind showin' white by the street-lamp opposite. Fro' that year to this she has pulled it down when iver a judge drives by."

Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

HUGH ROSE, LORD STRATHNAIRN.

SIR,—With reference to your review of the book, "Clyde and Strathnairst," written by Sir Owen Tudor Burne, containing the words "the writer served with Sir Hugh Rose" (in your issue of October 10th), I have received a suggestion from my brother, Colonel C. H. Luard, Royal Engineers, thus expressed:—"Was Burne with Rose during any of his campaigns?" As I acted (in place of Captain Ernest Rose, Sir Hugh's nephew and aide-de-camp, who had fallen ill) as aide-de-camp to Sir Hugh Rose for one of the five months that the Central India Campaign lasted, I may perhaps venture to say that my recollection that Burne was not with Rose during any of his Indian campaigns is borne out by the record of Burne's services in "Hart's Annual Army List."

But I would—with your kind permission—take this opportunity of remarking upon what appears to me to be a much graver matter. The writer of the review uses these four words: "The crisis had passed." The *Mahomedan* crisis had passed, and a Royal Salute had, therefore, been fired in honour of the capture of Delhi in 1857. But the *Mahratta* crisis had not arrived when Rose began his campaign; it arrived about the beginning of June, 1858, when, in the Government set up at Gwalior, Nana Sahib was proclaimed Peishwa, or head of all the Mahratta princes. In that same month of June, 1858, however, the second crisis of the Mutiny—the Mahratta crisis—really had passed, for Rose, rising from sickness, gathered himself and his sick and wearied troops together, and dashed back from Calpee to Gwalior, there to gain, by the destruction of the Mahratta Power, the honour of a Royal Salute.†

Rose's campaign might better have been called the Central India Campaign, or the Mahratta War of 1858. That that great man, Rose, foresaw the possibility of the proclamation of the Mahratta Power is proved by his *already, beforehand*, designating his enemy "the army of the so-called Peishwa," when, in his despatches, he makes mention of that enemy; or, at any rate, he grasped the truth that the British Power in India was then grappling in a life-and-death struggle with the two Powers—the Mahratta and the Mahomedan—which it had supplanted. That the proclaimed Mahratta Power only lasted a few weeks redounds all the more to Rose's credit.—Yours faithfully,

F. P. LUARD,
Major-General.

Warren Hill, Woodbridge, Suffolk,
October 16th, 1891.

FOLK-LORE AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF WOMAN.

SIR,—I regret that I did not see till a week after it was written your interesting article of October 10th on the "Folk-Lore Congress." Many people will rejoice to notice that you acknowledge what is hardly generally realised, that a branch of science is fast developing among us touching the very "roots of science and religion." Folk-lore teaches us, above all other lessons, the one M. Elisé Reclus has also been bringing to light

in his "Primitive Folk," that woman is the author of civilisation, and that she is proving to be the "missing link" so long sought by the disciples of Darwin. Very much more hangs on this than at the first moment appears, both as to the future of woman and as to the whole attitude of the mind of mankind as to the meaning of human nature. One thing surprises me in your otherwise able article. The writer speaks of the custom of *couvade* as "senseless"—the custom "that the father of the child, after a birth, went to bed instead of the mother, and was fed on pap." The theologians, when they were unwilling to admit that the earth was more than four thousand years old, and that life had existed upon it for countless ages, called fossils merely "sports of nature," and meaningless. No real folk-loreist ever calls any custom "senseless," but searches for its sense and meaning. The sense and reason for the *couvade* was the effort of men to prove their connection with their own children, descent having so long been traced through the mother alone, in the matriarchal age. It was simply imitation of the mother's actual condition. In the like manner all the wild and apparently fanciful customs and devices connected with the witchcraft struggle of the middle ages represent the struggle of men to assert their ascendancy over women. Women had so long been superior intellectually—had not even the dragon always a grandmother of whom he asked the meaning of the riddle put to his more obtuse self? The so-called witchcraft story is the story of the effort of brute force against mental power. Folk-lore will aid us much here.—Yours, etc.,

October 19th, 1891.

E. C.

SALVATIONISTS AND INTOLERANCE.

SIR,—I venture to question whether the dislike we feel towards the Salvation Army is really a species of religious intolerance. To my mind it is not their creed but their noise that irritates. If they kept their religious performances within their own walls, or took their band to the slums where they profess to find it of service, I should be profoundly indifferent; but, as it is, their music and their shouting preachers are an absolute nuisance to quiet people, and on that ground, and that ground only, I heartily sympathise with Alderman de Keyser. If his hotel, to which you allude, created the same disturbance as the Army, it would be equally objectionable. The wear and tear of London life is enormously increased by the ceaseless din which is permitted in the streets, even on Sunday, and it is no wonder if tired and hard-worked people protest against additional distractions. Street-criers and muffin-bells are already rampant on that day. Moreover, it has been shown on at least one occasion that if one is sick or dying, the Christian (?) soldiers of the Army will not abate one jot of their loud warfare. Non-subscribers may well be afraid to encourage them.

ONE WHO LIVES NEAR A BARRACK.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, October 23rd, 1891.

"REALISM deals with the average, the everyday, the things that happened to you yesterday, and will happen to me next week"—I was presented with this definition, a fortnight ago, by a gifted and graceful adversary, and have been walking around it (so to speak) ever since, considering it on all sides, and always with a growing pleasure; for it seems to me to grant what I, in a confused way, have been trying to prove. Let me repeat a sentence or two from the remarks I made last week:—If "realism" be what it is here defined to be, then "reality" covers all this and more—the rare as well as the usual, the striking as well as the commonplace; and therefore "reality" covers "realism," and the real covers the realistic, as the whole covers a part.

Very well, then—if the rare and the realistic be each a part of reality, I desire to know on what grounds the realistic gentlemen exalt one part above another. Why, for instance, should the sparrow, a common and philoprogenitive bird, be better worth description than the infrequent kingfisher? Or why should we be likened to the Man with the Muck-rake, grovelling amid diamonds and opals, and refusing to lift his eyes towards the bath-brick held in angelic hands above him? I submit that anyone who says "I prefer this or that as a subject for art, because it is usual and 'everyday,'" lays himself open to a

reductio ad absurdum. For his opponent will proceed to get hold of the census returns, and will say, "I observe that the United Kingdom contains more grocers than chimney-sweeps, and therefore we must believe that the grocer has some advantage over the chimney-sweep as a subject for the brush or pen. Then, having thus selected our hero, we must kill him off—supposing we are writing a drama or novel—by the malady most incident to grocers, whatever that may be" And so we proceed, seeking the average at each step.

Similarly, by a simple use of the *Sorites*, we shall discover what persons are, and what are not, admissible in fiction. Starting with the agricultural labourer and the artisan, we work up and up towards the less crowded professions, to the chiropodist and veterinary surgeon, thence onward through senior wranglers and millionaires, to the major port, the Mahatma, and the Monte Cristo, enquiring at each step "Is he too exceptional?" At some one the line will have to be drawn by the critic who is a stickler for the "average" and the "everyday."

Therefore, when I consider the case of this critic, I am able to bear up under the accusation—which at first seemed terrible enough—that I go about "holding aloft the banner of the ideal, like Hjalmar Tonnesen." Nobody can choose his opponent's terms; and I should have preferred to believe that, if I held up any banner at all, it was the banner of Reality (the whole) as opposed to Realism (the part). For, as a matter of fact, I don't quite know what "the Ideal" may be; and, not knowing, have carefully refrained from invoking it. However, while yet my heart was heavy at the thought of serving this strange god to whom I had never been introduced, I picked up a volume of Hazlitt and was suddenly consoled.

This was the consoling sentence:—"The ideal does not transform any object into something else, or neutralise its character, but, by removing what is irrelevant and supplying what was defective, makes it more itself than it was before. . . ."

It took me some time to puzzle out this sentence. Nor am I quite sure, even yet, what Hazlitt meant by the words "supplying what was defective." But I believe he meant "bringing to bear on it the intelligence, sympathy, comprehension supplied by the artist's own brain and temperament"; for every fact or group of facts is at once overlaid and defective until somebody comes along and understands it. If this interpretation be the right one then I am not afraid of the Ideal, for the simple reason that it is only the Real. The facts of life happen confusedly, cumbered with irrelevances and separable accidents. The first duty of an artist (whether he be a "realist" or not) is to strip away this mess and get at the essential. But his understanding of this essential residuum must always be coloured by his own temperament, because he is a man and not a mathematical instrument. He will read himself into it as surely as the colours we see reside in our own eyes and not in the world outside them. That is my theory, and, failing a banner, I reassert it here, in THE SPEAKER.

Now, I claim for this theory—unexciting as it may be—one conspicuous advantage. It lays all the responsibility on the power and the temperament of the individual artist, and none upon Art, with a big A. Art, you'll find, has generally scuttled into a corner when a big man has wanted room. When the big man dies, or goes to sleep, or suffers from some suspension of his powers, Art comes out and

announces "I have grown." Now, with all deference to Mr. Howells, I submit that this is a mistaken assertion. Believe me, Art itself does not grow; or, rather, it ceases to grow after certain necessary and rudimentary stages are passed. Sculpture has not grown since Pheidias, though a hundred men have displayed their strength in it since Pheidias's day. Painting has not grown for hundreds of years: since for hundreds of years the materials and the rules have lain ready to hand for any big man who chose to use them, and, as a man's strength is to-day, so shall he be greater or smaller than Velasquez. Seeing this, I must decline to accept the assurance of another polite opponent that Mr. Kipling, because he lives after Dickens, "has a reasonable chance of being a more accomplished artist." In other words, I decline to accept this excuse for Dickens. If it should prove that the achievements of Dickens compare poorly with those of Mr. Kipling—and on this point I must be content to take the opinion of others—then Dickens is Mr. Kipling's inferior in natural genius or in dogged industry. Let us love no man because he is dead: nor seek for vain excuses. Dickens had art enough at his disposal. If he could not employ it, or chose to neglect it, let his reputation suffer.

But on this point let me quote a sentence or two from a letter I received this week. My correspondent is a critic who, before Lemaitre, understood criticism as the art of enjoying masterpieces, and who writes now all too rarely to remind the public that, so long as he chose, his word upon a work of art was the sanest and most sympathetic in England. "There is no more thoroughly *bourgeois* idea," he says, "than that Art is always 'getting on.' Beauty, according to this notion, is a sort of pushing apprentice, who comes up to town with but half-a-crown in his pocket and ends by becoming Lord Mayor. And what a vista, if that is true! Future ages may give us something even ruddier than the Kipling!"

Here, again, I may cite Hazlitt, if only to show that even in the year 1821 the world was full of critics who believed Art to be "getting on." You will see that Hazlitt, too, had a pretty keen sense of the vulgarity of this belief. In his first lecture on the Elizabethan Drama he takes occasion to utter this warning:—

"There is not a lower ambition, a poorer way of thought, than that which would confine all excellence, or arrogate its final accomplishment, to the present or modern times. We ordinarily speak or think of those who had the misfortune to write or live before us as labouring under very singular privations and disadvantages in not having the benefit of those improvements which we have made, as buried in the grossest ignorance, or the slaves 'of poring pedantry'; and we make a cheap and infallible estimate of their progress in civilisation upon a graduated scale of perfectibility, calculated from the meridian of our own times. . . . The modern sciolist stultifies all understanding but his own, and that which he conceives like his own. We think, because we knew nothing twenty or thirty years ago, and began to think then for the first time in our lives, that the rest of mankind were in the same predicament, and never knew anything till we did; that the world has grown old in sloth and ignorance, has dreamt out its long minority of five thousand years in a dozing state, and that it first began to wake out of sleep, to rouse itself and look about it, startled by the light of our unexpected discoveries, and the noise we made about them."

I would like to quote the whole passage, and cannot forbear from giving another extract—

"So there have been thinkers, and great and sound ones, before our time. They had the same capacities that we have, sometimes greater motives for their exertion, and, for the most part, the same subject-matter to work upon. What we learn from nature, we may hope to do as well as they; what we learn from them, we may in general expect to do worse. . . . Or grant that we improve in some respects in a uniformly progressive ratio, and build, Babel-high, on the foundation of other men's knowledge, as in matters of science and speculative enquiry, where by going often over the same general ground, certain general conclusions have been arrived at, and in the number of persons reasoning on a given subject truth has at last been hit upon and a long-established error exploded; yet this does not apply to cases of individual power and knowledge, to a million of things beside, in which we are still to seek as much as ever, and in which we can only hope to find by going to the fountain-head of thought and experience."

Without desiring to put it so forcibly as Hazlitt or my friend, I, too, must believe it a mistake to declare that the art of the playwright or novelist has grown because, just now, it pays particular attention to one part of reality, *i.e.*, the realistic, the average, the everyday. At the same time it is fair to recognise the forces which seem to have driven one or two of our best critics into this position. It is one thing to argue with the realists that their view embraces but a part of the whole truth. It is quite another to use such language as, for instance, was used about Mr. William Archer in last Sunday's *Referee*.

The assertions made in that paper by Mr. G. R. Sims under the customary and characteristic heading of "Mustard and Cress," have been proved to be—let me say—illusory. But if true, they had merely stamped the man who wrote them. Mr. Archer, however, has (I am sure) too just a mind to class all those who have doubts about realism with Mr. Sims, or to believe that they are driven into speech by any desire to save that dramatist's work from its natural fate.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

RECENT BOOKS ON CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.

STUDIES ON CONSTITUTIONAL LAW. By Émile Boutmy. Translated from the French by E. M. Dicey. With an introduction by Professor Dicey. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION. By Émile Boutmy. Translated by Isabel M. Eaden. With an introduction by Sir Frederick Pollock. London: Macmillan & Co.

POLITICAL SCIENCE AND COMPARATIVE CONSTITUTIONAL LAW. By John W. Burgess, LL.D. Boston: Ginn & Co. London: Edward Arnold.

ALL three works before us are signs of the time, and examples of a literature which, outside Germany at all events, was twenty years ago unknown. Of constitutional histories we have no lack; and in this field the best English writers are still unsurpassed. In this province, as in so many others before his time, Bentham gave much thought to the subject of constitutional law. But in all that he wrote upon it, there is a practical object in view—how to secure by modes of legislation the greatest happiness of the greatest number; he analysed the immediate specific ends of the ideal constitution; he classified the means by which these objects might be attained; out of the depths of his moral consciousness he evolved rules applicable, with certain reservations, to all mankind, from China to Peru. Only in recent times, chiefly under the influence of German writers, has it become common to treat political institutions in the same manner as languages and laws, to apply to them the comparative method, and to deal with them rather as phenomena to be explained than facts to be criticised or condemned. M. Émile Boutmy, the principal of the School of Political Science, has, in this field, done better work than any of his countrymen. The ablest of them are apt to make grotesque mistakes in describing or judging foreign institutions. He is accurate, sympathetic, perceptive; he has meditated much upon English political history, and if he writes primarily for the benefit of his countrymen he has also much to say for the edification of Englishmen. Whether it was worth while to translate the two works at the head of this review—whether those interested in constitutional law would not be able to read with ease M. Boutmy's lucid style—is an open question; but if translations were needed, there is much to be said for those introduced by Professor Dicey and Sir Frederick Pollock.

French criticism of English political institutions has gone through three stages. Read Montesquieu, and you find that he, like De Lolme, had an idea of

artificial perfection in our Constitution which it never possessed: it presupposed three estates perfectly balanced; it contained in nicely-adjusted proportions monarchical, aristocratic, and democratic elements; it was all that a theorist could elaborate. When this was discovered not to be a fact—when Bentham explained that the Constitution, as De Lolme conceived it, never did, and never could, exist—when acute foreign writers, such as Dumont and Benjamin Constant, discovered for themselves that the masterpiece of wisdom of which they had heard so much was a figment of the imagination, they fell into the other extreme; they refused to give England credit for what it really possessed; in our polity they saw only confusion; they contrasted, too much to our disadvantage, clearly-drawn charters wherein were prescribed constitutional rights, with the group of customs and ancient, obscure statutes forming the English Constitution. That was an unjust verdict. The younger school of constitutional investigators, in the front rank of whom is M. Boutmy, has reversed it. He recognises that there are narrow limits to the value of political machinery: "I have pointed out above all—and this is a warning against the snare most dangerous to Frenchmen—that constitutional mechanism has no value or efficiency in itself independently of the moral and social forces which support it or put it in motion." Looked at only as a piece of machinery, that which is exposed to view, every wheel, pulley, and valve visible, may not be so well contrived as that which is less obtrusive. "The plan in which they (the English) have confided is the very opposite of the French system. They did not intend their Constitution to be a compact whole, because a solid body is by its very nature vulnerable. For this reason it is only partly written, and, when it is written, we find the Constitutional articles, instead of being marked out and easily distinguished, are purposely mixed up with ordinary laws, and allowed to fall out of view. . . . The French have sought for security and against change in giving pre-eminence, splendour, and dignity to their constitutional documents. The English have found this security in the vagueness of custom, in the retiring and commonplace character of ordinary law, and in leaving their Constitution without a name in the midst of a crowd of statutes. Each system has its theoretical advantages and disadvantages; when the balance is struck between the two, experience seems to pronounce in favour of the English system." In the case of Governments, as of ships of war, according to this view, it is better to have the vitals well cased.

In his comments on the American Constitution M. Boutmy takes the same line. He warns his countrymen not to be amazed at the apparent imperfection of the Federal machinery, and to recollect the existence of the States when they criticise the shortcomings of the Federal Constitution, and the spirit which directs the whole system. Most of the criticisms, though not new, are sensible. But, occasionally, we come upon paradoxical dicta, such as the following:—"The United States are primarily a commercial society, and only secondarily a nation. This is the formula which gives the key to many an enigma, and which removes many an apparent contradiction. Why, for instance, is custom and law in America so indulgent to bankrupts? What is the meaning of the articles in some State Constitutions enjoining the Legislatures to make exceptionally liberal provisions in favour of debtors? The meaning is plain enough; it is, that in America the spirit of enterprise, pushed to the extent of speculation, is an indispensable agent of progress." Again, M. Boutmy observes: "The striking and peculiar characteristic of American society is that it is not so much a democracy as a huge commercial company for the discovery, cultivation, and capitalisation of its enormous territory." All this is whimsical and fantastic—with scarcely enough of truth in it for an epigram, and altogether out of place in a work of science.

M. Boutmy's volume on the English Constitution is also written chiefly for French readers. But he aims, and not without reason, at instructing Englishmen as to the true significance of their history. He avails himself freely of the labours of Gneist, Freeman, and Stubbs; but he holds with none of them. They are wrong, he thinks, in their assumption that the English nation was little modified by the infusion of Norman elements. "There is, in my opinion, too great a tendency to look upon the English nation as a race which, after the passing crisis of 1066, recovered, so to speak, its identity, regained its old self and its former spirit, and stepped back into the groove from which it had been wrenched by a violent shock." In truth, M. Boutmy is rather a believer in political cataclysms. Thus he thinks a new England was born with the Reform Act of 1832, and he ascribes to recent legislation a still further convulsion. "The country gentlemen have for centuries guided the destinies of England. They are now in other hands; and her ancient spirit must needs disappear with the country aristocracy, that healthy and vigorous frame which formerly sheltered it, and a new life must quicken the freshly moulded clay of the English democracy." All this lacks precision, and, we are inclined to think, insight. Unconsciously M. Boutmy repeats a mistake which he so eloquently denounces; he overrates the influence of political changes; he forgets how little they count for in shaping men's destinies.

Dr. Burgess's volumes are much more ambitious than M. Boutmy's. They are the fruits, as we should have known, even without being told, of many years of research and thought; an attempt—not the first, but more comprehensive than most—"to apply the method which has been found so productive in the domain of natural science, to political science and jurisprudence"—to treat historically the conception of the State, and then proceed to deal, as capital examples, with the constitutions of Great Britain, the United States, Germany, and France. Some of the divisions in Dr. Burgess's treatment of the immense subject are perplexing; they are only partly explained by the distinction which he emphasises, and to which he often returns, between the State—"mankind viewed as an organised unit"—and the Government. He has been influenced deeply by certain German writers, and many of his sentences read as if they were translated from Laband's *Staatsrecht*. Without being distinctly original, these volumes are suggestive, and to English students particularly instructive, introducing them to a circle of ideas far outside those of Austin or Bentham. We note occasional blemishes, as is inevitable in a survey of so vast a field. There is, for example, no authority for the following statement:—"I do not think that the decision in *Stockdale v. Hansard* (the decision of the Court of Queen's Bench making the Members of Parliament liable to prosecution for libel in case their words are defamatory of private character, or in case they cause the publication of such words) is held to apply to the members of the House of Lords. Honour and gentlemanly breeding are, in their case, relied upon to protect private individuals against the abuse of their privileges." The reasoning of Lord Denman and of the other judges who were parties to that decision applies with at least equal force to the acts of members of the House of Lords. No small part of these volumes relates to English institutions; and they are discussed with great fairness and ample knowledge. M. Boutmy holds that 1832 was a great turning-point in our history; so does Dr. Burgess, no less strongly. "I contend," he says, "that the present Constitution of Great Britain did not exist before the year 1832. . . . The change wrought in the British Constitution was a revolutionary procedure; i.e., it did not proceed according to the provisions of law existing and in force at that time." But then, as Dr. Burgess well knows, such revolutions may be natural and tranquillising measures.

A LESSON FOR AUSTRALIA.

INDEPENDENCE: A RETROSPECT. London: Harrison & Sons. 1s.

THE only real danger to the connection between the Mother Country and the Australasian Colonies lies in a mutual ignorance, of which signs are too frequently forthcoming. We, at home, tend more and more to be absorbed in purely domestic politics, and in Australia a new generation is springing up which knows nothing of the Mother Country, or, indeed, of Europe. Absorbed in local interests and local ambitions, imbued with a lively consciousness of vigour and much natural self-confidence, it is not surprising that Young Australia should occasionally view the possibilities involved in independence with easy complacency. The Imperial connection, lightly as its bonds now lie upon the Colonies of the South Pacific, from time to time appears to thwart aspirations whose import is little realised by a community which, in regard to international relations, is wholly irresponsible. The fact that the whole prosperity of Australasia is based upon that connection is sometimes ignored. Security under the flag of the greatest naval Power of the world, immunity from international disputes, defence expenditure relatively trifling, money cheaply borrowed—all these things have grown to be regarded as matters of course, and their source is apt to be forgotten.

The writer of "Independence: a Retrospect" has set himself to show what the separation, which a section of the Australasian press lightly anticipates, must necessarily involve. With much knowledge and a wide grasp of Colonial conditions, he has drawn a picture which all can understand. Plain speaking is necessary at times, and is not likely to be resented by our fellow-subjects, who are perhaps inclined to be weary of indiscriminate adulation. The chronicle of the fateful year 1895 is told by an old Colonist of New South Wales. It was a period of inflation. "The 'loan policy' . . . was, notwithstanding some recent checks, still in high favour, and every Colony had either just contrived to raise a loan . . . or was still in possession of a large unexpended balance of borrowings." The seeming prosperity, however, gave fresh impetus to "The Association for Advancing the Moral and Material Development of Australia"—a body which "unceasingly proclaimed the capacity of Australia for self-dependence," and the malignity of the Colonial Office. A trivial quarrel with the Mother Country soon arose over the appointment of Sir Henry Thorndyke, "a governor of great experience and recognised ability," to Albert Land, in the place of a foolish peer. No one really cared a straw about a matter so small; but the Ministry of Albert Land, which had counted upon the pliability of the Home Government, received a snub. The press at once raised a loud outcry, and declarations of independence followed. "The real cause lay far deeper than this wretched squabble." "It was the ignorance of the generation into whose hands the political power and the wealth of the Colonies had then passed." For a brief time all went well. There was even a certain sense of disappointment at the small impression which the great step seemed to have created. Colonial securities fell sharply; but a partial rise succeeded. The expenses of government showed a marked increase, for "a civilised Government must have diplomatic representations in foreign countries and consular officers." Such needs had been overlooked. A dramatic scene occurred at the farewell to the British fleet, when real national sentiment powerfully asserted itself, unbidden. As the ships slowly steamed out of Sydney harbour, "the strains of 'Auld Lang Syne' were wafted to the shore. The crowd suddenly became silent. The next gentle breeze carried on its wings 'God Save the Queen.' Someone on the rocks close to the Point began to sing the tune; those nearest him took it up. The singing soon spread, till thousands of voices were intoning with solemn fervour the English National Anthem—theirs no longer. Tears

rolled down many cheeks," even though the Ensign of independent Australia, decided upon "after protracted discussions in the Legislature," now floated bravely over Garden Island. Troubles soon thickened. An Australian and a New Zealand vessel were arbitrarily detained by the President of Ecuador, who wanted to "come in" to their trade. New Zealand had remained a member of a great Empire, and one morning three British vessels from Panama quietly steamed in to Guayaquil and, "as chance would have it, anchored by the side of the detained New Zealand vessel," which was promptly released. Sir Peter Noake, the amateur Minister of "the Republic of the Federated State of Australia," lately "a Melbourne stock and station agent," sadly muddled matters, and his "vigorous note" merely evoked "a reply couched in the strongest language known to South American diplomacy." The Australian steamer remained in Ecuadorian hands. The President obtained his blackmail, and one of the immediate results of the affair was a violent outbreak of the smouldering jealousy between New South Wales and Victoria. The Ecuadorian incident was soon succeeded by a Chinese difficulty of a much more serious nature. Some Chinamen imprisoned at Cooktown by the Queensland Police managed to transmit an appeal to Peking, where the Australian Minister—a Townsville lawyer—proved as inexperienced as Sir Peter Noake. "The Chinese threatened strong measures," which were naturally laughed at, and the comic papers published some excellent cartoons "in which a squadron of Chinese armoured-clads was to be seen flying before an Australian second-class torpedo-boat steered by the Minister of Defence." The display of humour was quickly exchanged for one of panic. Guided by German officers, five ships flying the dragon flag anchored off Cooktown in a convenient crescent and demanded the release of the prisoners. The Government of Brisbane was distracted; but there was no option. The Chinamen were given up, and the admiral "blandly observed that the question of compensation might stand over." It was now evident that independent Australia required a navy. "Some of us in our hearts were ready to admit that something more than big words was required by an independent nation living by commerce." Further discoveries followed. A large loan was essential, and New South Wales was the first to make the attempt. "The result was calamitous," and a period of great suffering supervened, which the outbreak of an Anglo-French war brought to a crisis. How the breach was healed and "not alliance but reunion" became the popular cry, how the national fleet returned to Sydney harbour bearing Sir Henry Thorndyke as "the first Governor-General of the now solid Federation" and how the simple love story which runs through the narrative finds an appropriate ending, readers of this fascinating *brochure* will see for themselves.

Many real lessons underlie the "Reminiscences" of the old Colonist—lessons which cannot be too widely learned. Some such results as are here described would inevitably follow the independence which appears so light a matter to some Colonial minds. It is no mere fanciful picture which the writer has painted in vivid colours. His evident understanding of national responsibilities in their higher aspects, and full insight into the danger arising from some of the political and economic conditions of Australia, combine to claim a hearing for these words of plain warning. Keen but not unkindly criticism and touches of quiet humour lend charm to his pages.

In spite of the temporary aberrations of the past, it is now certain that no political party in this country will ever view the separation of the Australasian Colonies with complacency. The danger lies in the ignorance which the author of "Independence" describes, and perhaps the wisest present object for the energies of the Imperial Federationists would be the promotion of mutual understanding.

BOSWELL BOSWELLIZED.

LIFE OF JAMES BOSWELL (Auchinleck). With an Account of his Sayings, Doings, and Writings. By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. Two vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.

BOSWELL'S great work has been edited, sub-edited and re-edited, expanded and annotated, until the author has been almost elbowed out of his own book: our knowledge of Boswell himself, other than from his own writings, is practically confined to a couple of short memoirs. Macaulay has laid it down that, while in general a book and its author are considered as one, in the case of Boswell and his "Life" the world has made a great distinction—"to admire the book is not to admire the author." True: but to be interested in the book is to be interested in the author, and a worthy Life of James Boswell would be sure of a hearty welcome.

The "Life" before us is pretentious enough. But it is a piece of book-making, not a book; a curious combination of the laborious and the slipshod. How irritating, moreover, are the moral reflections and sententious observations with which it is strewn! Bozzy, himself,

"... not a bent sixpence cares he
Whether *with* him or *at* him you laugh."

And why, oh why, we ask ourselves, is Mr. Fitzgerald never content to let us be without obviously interposing to point out which we ought to do? Here we have a "droll scene," and there an "admirable *mot*." This joke is "almost witty," that other "feeble enough." "With what feelings," we are asked to conjecture, "Mrs. Boswell must have perused this account!" "This is all amusing enough," we are told, "because so naïvely candid." (Heavens! that Mr. Fitzgerald should find Boswell *amusing enough*!) And the whole is emphasised by italics scarcely less irritating. The thing is intolerable.

The last chapter in the book, we cannot help thinking, gives a clue to the "making" of the volumes. It consists of a laboured diatribe on Dr. Birkbeck Hill's edition of the "Life." Mr. Fitzgerald appears to be as angry with Dr. Hill as Boswell was with Sir John Hawkins and Mrs. Thrale, and for much the same reason; and to feel as great a personal animosity to his rival as Macaulay did to Croker. But we miss the rapier thrusts of Boswell and the resounding thwacks of Macaulay; and, truth to tell, that which is tiresome in the great essayist is positively unendurable in Mr. Fitzgerald.

All the same, the book is readable enough. The chapter on "Boswell at his work" is as interesting as the chapter on "Boswell self-revealed"—on which the author evidently prides himself not a little—is forced and overdrawn. Boswell does not require a Fitzgerald to cross the "t's" and dot the "i's" of his character. Everyone knows it. Impulsive, volatile, vain, egotistical; garrulous, indiscreet, tactless; a talebearer, an eavesdropper; a toper with no overscrupulous morality; an indefatigable scribbler, an energetic roller of his own logs, ever fertile in schemes for "adding something to my own conspicuousness." Yet, with all this, warm-hearted, entertaining, possessing an inexhaustible fund of good humour; a man capable of making and of keeping true and lasting friendships. "Give me your hand," said the doctor, after that first supper at the Mitre; "I've taken a liking to you." Bozzy, if sometimes their butt, was, nevertheless, on more or less intimate terms with the leading men of the day—with Reynolds and Hume, with Goldsmith and Garrick, with Burke and Wilkes; he was early elected a member of The Club. A piteous life was his in many ways. At one time in the highest of spirits, ready for any frolic; and not only building castles in the air, but, as he himself said, attempting to live in them. At another, under the influence of the blackest depression, or of that religious fervour which, as he piously hoped, "many experience in fine weather, at the country-house of a friend!" A slave to drink, always in debt, perpetually harassed and embarrassed.

All this we remember. But, nevertheless, we agree with Boswell himself, who in his preface to his "Corsican Tour," after expressing his ardent ambition for literary fame, declared that—

"A man who has been able to furnish a book which has been approved by the world, has established himself as a respectable character in distant society, without any danger of that character being lessened by the observation of his weaknesses."

If without Dr. Johnson the name of James Boswell, Esquire, would be now unknown, it is equally true, we think, that the "immortal Boszy" made Johnson immortal. Miss Pinkerton's successor on the Mall, no longer, we may be sure, presents her scholars on their departure with a copy of the *Dictionary*. Indeed, who nowadays ever consults the great lexicographer's great work, except, perhaps, to read that masterpiece of English—the preface? Does anyone now buy (let alone read) "Rasselas" or the "Rambler?" Johnson's sonorous poetical platitudes, though doubtless "full of old quotations," rest, for the most part, undisturbed on the shelf; the "Lives of the Poets" retaining, perhaps, a precarious existence as a text-book on some "modern sides." It is not the author, it is the man himself who lives. Boswell has, as in an elevated moment he actually told little Miss Burney was his intention, taken the Doctor off his stilts. "I want," cried he, "to show him in a new light. Grave Sam, and great Sam, and solemn Sam, and learned Sam—all these he has appeared over and over again. Now I want to entwine a wreath of the graces across his brow; I want to show him as gay Sam, agreeable Sam, pleasant Sam." And show Sam he did, in every variety and phase of character. Boswell possessed in a high degree the art of drawing out, and in a still higher degree the art of epitomising and of embellishing, of giving life and touch to his narrative. The Doctor appeared to him to be "like a great mill in which a subject is thrown to be ground. . . . I regret," said he, "whenever I see it unemployed, but sometimes I feel myself quite barren and having nothing to throw in." It was on these occasions, we suppose, that he threw in such questions as whether it was best not to wear a night-cap; or "if, sir, you were shut up in a castle and a new-born child with you, what would you do?" Boswell was seldom, however, barren of good grist, and he usually guided the machinery with a skill and judgment that cannot be overrated.

In carrying out the object he had in view, he was not hampered by any careful regard for the confidences and privacies of life, nor did he scruple to make his friends or acquaintances appear ridiculous, mean, or contemptible. Beattie was, we know, convinced that in all this Boswell meant no harm; and we ourselves are disposed to agree with him rather than with that lively lady, Mrs. Thrale, who wrote upon the margin of her copy—"I am not convinced of any such thing. Boswell meant to gain attention; whether by giving pain or pleasure, he cared not." For, after all, if Boszy exposed his friends, he, with the same laudable object in view, did not hesitate to expose himself still more. He was quite willing that his own character should go by the board if he could thereby illustrate some phase in the character of his illustrious friend; and he expected that others would be as ready as himself to sacrifice themselves on the altar of the sage. At the same time he declined to flatter Johnson's memory—he would not make a cat of a tiger for anybody.

Boswell was a great man. He has not only given us the first of biographies, he has given us among the first of travels, and he has given us also his delightful "Commonplace Book." It is sad, indeed, to think that both "Boswelliana" and "Hogg's Life of Shelley"—in their way two of the most amusing books in the English language—are out of print.

We are, it will have been seen, neither enamoured with Mr. Fitzgerald's style, nor impressed with his biographical acumen. We have, however, to thank

him, not only for a book which, in spite of its many failings, is both interesting and amusing, but for furnishing us with an excuse for re-reading that most entertaining of all books—Boswell's Life of Johnson.

THE QUARTERLIES.

THE political articles in the *Quarterly* and the *Edinburgh* should please both Liberals and Conservatives. At least the rank and file of the latter—the leaders, if they read the articles at all, may not be so well pleased—will enjoy what they are sure to consider the thorough trouncing served out to the Liberals, and the confident prophecies of a Conservative electoral triumph. The former will detect in the "difficult crowing" of these patriarchal reviews—these "impartial and dispassionate" Quarterlies—as much of tremor as of triumph. To talk of "the abject submission of both conscience and intellect to the will of Mr. Gladstone" (*Quarterly*); to assert that the Liberal leaders in 1886 "sacrificed everything without exception—political principle, consistency, the good name of their party—in order to win" (*Edinburgh*) is to use the frenzied invective of defeat several months before the tug of war begins. Perhaps the more amusing of the two articles is that in the *Quarterly*, entitled "Executive Government and the Unionists." As an expression of "Gladstonophobia," it has rarely been excelled. "The Twelfth Parliament of the Queen," in the *Edinburgh*, is on the whole a fairer-minded paper; but it repeats the *Quarterly's* cry of "political Popery," and talks about a Home Rule scheme which "is not to be submitted to public inspection till a Parliamentary majority, without having seen it, is pledged irrevocably in its favour." Of course the Liberals are pledged to Home Rule—irrevocably pledged. And what then? Is it possible that the "political Popery" cry is not a mere catchword, and that the Conservatives believe the Liberal party would vote for a Bill of Mr. Gladstone's, they thought unjust? Their present majority, which consists of Dissident Liberals, should be a sufficient answer; if it is not, then, deserved or undeserved, the punishment of the false—which is, not that they are not believed, but that they cannot believe others—has overtaken the Tories.

Both Quarterlies ascribe the comparatively pacific condition of Ireland to Mr. Balfour's administration. We shall grant that "Mr. Balfour is a hero," or the best substitute for one the Conservatives have, and that his administration has been vigorous; but we submit that it is in spite of his vigour, and not because of it, that Ireland has taken heart a little, and known something of prosperity. Is it not the hope of Home Rule, of which the Irish people felt at once assured when Mr. Gladstone declared in its favour, that has made them possess their souls in patience, even under the needless tyranny of a clever but narrow-minded martinet, confident that in a few short years deliverance would come? We think so; and we believe that the hour will soon strike when the reign of distrust and hatred will be over for Ireland, and a full tide of prosperity set in with a just measure of Home Rule.

To "English Realism and Romance" (*Quarterly*) we have referred elsewhere.

Dr. Atkinson's "Moorland Parish" makes a pleasant article in the *Edinburgh Review*. In the *Quarterly* it receives a brief notice in an amazing article on "Poaching." The writer, who is evidently a man of some culture, and a keen observer of Nature, is yet fully seven hundred years behind the age in some of his ideas. He is shocked that in several cases poachers who in a scuffle have shot keepers should have got off with twenty years' penal servitude; and though he has no sympathy with the ruffian who steals partridges, his tender heart bleeds for the poor hare which the labourer shoots with a "rusty old single-barrel" while at his supper of carrots in the labourer's allotment. In

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such circumstances the hare is an "unfortunate animal." Poor beast! How proud and happy, how fortunate, he would have deemed himself had the charge only come from a brand-new double barrel in the hands of a gentleman, perhaps of a *Quarterly* reviewer! or, better still, if he had been chased and worried to death by a leash of hounds!

Dull papers on Archbishop Tait appear in the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, and the *London Quarterly*; and in the last two Abraham Lincoln and Laurence Oliphant are the subjects of biographical articles, that in the *Quarterly* on Oliphant being a wise and able paper. The article on Lowell in the *Edinburgh* is disfigured by a wanton fling at Mr. Gladstone. In the *Historical Review* the Rev. George Eggleston writes an interesting study of Louis de Geer, a typical merchant prince of Amsterdam in the palmiest days of Dutch commerce. A specially good historical article is that in the *Quarterly* on Warwick the King-maker.

FICTION.

1. *BLANCHE, LADY FALAISE.* By J. H. Shorthouse. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.
2. *MISADVENTURE.* By W. E. Norris. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden & Welsh. 1891.

It would be difficult to say precisely what are the ideals of Mr. Shorthouse. He sometimes assumes for the purposes of a story a personality which is not his own. He has written as Constance Lisle. He writes in his new volume as Claire Wand. Who shall say how much is to be assigned to Mr. Shorthouse himself, and how much belongs to the character which he has assumed? Yet the general impression which is left upon the reader's mind by "*Blanche, Lady Falaise*," is much the same as the impression which "*Sir Percival*" created. The reader whose imagination is vivid and whose sympathies are unstable puts down the story of adventure with a sigh for the life of action and danger; he turns from the detective romance with a desire to detect; the modern analytical novel gives him an aspiration more easily satisfied, and makes him take himself more seriously. What will be the impression left on the mind of such a reader by "*Blanche, Lady Falaise*?" We can imagine him desiring, with eagerness and admiration, an ancient title, a devout disposition, and an indefinable charm. "Let me," he might say, "be a pious Viscount, with a beautiful inconsistency in me and around me!" It is no part of the reviewer of fiction to discuss such aspirations; but it might be safe to say that the ideals proposed in this volume have in them a curious mixture of the material and the spiritual, the unworthy and the worthy.

The story itself is told in that clear, restrained, impressive style which has always marked the work of Mr. Shorthouse. Yet, as a story, it is not satisfactory. *Blanche Boteraux* became engaged to a popular preacher, a Mr. Damerle. She was attracted by the life of labour among the poor to which he was intending to devote himself. The popular preacher was something of a scoundrel, jilted *Blanche Boteraux*, and married a lady of greater wealth and position. *Blanche* reproached herself, not Damerle, most bitterly:

"I lured him on. He is ruined for life—body and soul—he is ruined for life—he who was so great and good, and it is I who have done it."

Subsequently she married Lord Falaise. But her life was still unhappy, for she still considered herself responsible for the sin of Damerle. "If I thought," she says, "that his conscience was at peace, and that he was happy, I might be a happy mother and wife; but I do not believe it—for a single second I could not believe it. No, not even in a dream." The conclusion is tragical. Unquestionably, a very brief sketch of the point on which the plot turns has not the verisimilitude with which the story itself is invested; but it is in verisimilitude that the story itself is wanting. The reasons that underlie many

isolated actions are often obscure enough; but the reason which gives colour to the whole life, which makes it hopeful or despairing, is never entirely obscure. *Lady Falaise* is not a reasonable person; except at the very commencement of the story, one cannot understand with the requisite clearness what she feels or why she feels it. Her grasp upon our sympathies is feeble, because she is too vague. She does not convince. Of Damerle, the villain and popular preacher, we can only say that he serves rather to remind us of Mr. Robert Buchanan than to satisfy our expectations of Mr. Shorthouse. Those portions of his sermons which Mr. Shorthouse has thought it worth while to report are not in themselves sufficiently remarkable to deserve that honour; nor do they seem particularly significant—particularly illustrative of the character of the preacher. The emaciation of the story would have been noticeable had it not been cleverly plumped out with quotations from the "*Journal Intime*" of Henri-Frédéric Amiel, and other padding. In brief, "*Blanche, Lady Falaise*," is a poor story remarkably well written. It is not, of course, without its life-like characters and its signs of real observation; it shows even some sense of humour; but, as a whole, it will not add to the reputation of its author.

Mr. Norris is distinctly a worldly writer. Of right feeling and true taste there is every evidence in his work, but he does not give us the mystical enthusiasm with which Mr. Shorthouse mingles his admiration of the aristocracy. "*Misadventure*" is a very readable story, good in plot and good in execution. Mr. Bligh is one of those pleasant characters which Mr. Norris draws almost to perfection: kindly and intelligent, yet with a vein of witty cynicism in him, which had degenerated into sheer brutality in his good-for-nothing son and heir. Madame Souvarieff and Mark Chetwode are also both capital drawn. And "*Misadventure*" is not only a novel of character: it is interesting from beginning to end, and in places enthralling. The writer never seems to turn out mere hack-work; his freshness and spirit are constantly noticeable; and the charitable humorousness with which he treats some of the minor human frailties is charming. The printer, by the way, has not treated the book very well. We can reconstruct "an impression, so general altogether that it can hardly be either devoid of foundation"; but there is rather more difficulty in "one ngis only you for a few years."

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY. Edited by Sidney Lee. Vol. xxviii.: Howard—Ingleshop. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

The contents of vol. xxviii. of "*The Dictionary of National Biography*" are of a more varied character than usual, comprising many names of great interest in widely different fields of human activity, and two or three absolutely of the first class. Conspicuous among these are two great historians, David Hume and Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon. Hume's philosophy, of course, possesses more significance for the present day than his history, and has received the larger share of Mr. Leslie Stephen's attention, while the strictly biographical part of the subject is a model of elegant narrative. Mr. C. H. Firth's article on Clarendon deserves equal praise for its literary finish, and the still higher praise of absolute impartiality in dealing with a much controverted character and career. John Hunter and John Howard are no less fortunate in their biographers. Mr. Ireland's notice of Leigh Hunt is not equally compact, but is lighted up with the glow of personal friendship. Among remarkable personages too little known may be enumerated James Howell, "one of the first Englishmen," Mr. Lee says, "who made a livelihood out of literature;" James Hutton, the founder of uniformitarian geology; and Hoyle, the legislator of the whist-table. One remarkable feature is the number of interesting naval biographies by Professor Laughton, including Lord Howe, the navigator Hudson, and Elizabeth's admiral, Howard, Earl of Effingham. Mr. Laughton maintains that Howard was not a Roman Catholic, as generally believed. It certainly seems remarkable that so improbable a statement should have been accepted on such slender grounds. Another important official biography is that of Huskisson, a man in advance of his time, and perhaps the first true representative of the commercial classes in an English Cabinet.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE popular taste for small books of travel is, perhaps, as yet hardly pronounced, but some of the publishers, at all events, seem inclined to encourage the growing demand. Explorers like Livingstone and Stanley must always, of course, be allowed to tell their story in their own way, and nobody is ever likely to grudge such travellers the space that is necessary for an adequate record of their adventures and discoveries. In these days, however, there are hundreds of men who wander forth to see a little and return with but a little to say, and the slim volume of two hundred pages or less accordingly satisfies their ambition and does not exhaust the patience of their readers. Two books of this kind lie before us now—"Twelve Months in Peru," by Mr. E. B. Clark, and "Spain and Morocco," by Mr. Henry T. Finck. One of them is "smart," in the transatlantic sense of the term, and both are superficial, and yet we can honestly say that each is readable and racy, and even picturesque and vivid. Mr. Clark thinks that the majority of people know little more about the "Land of the Incas" than the fact that it is a country on the west coast of South America, where silver-mines and guano, revolutions and earthquakes, abound; but we are inclined to think that in his desire to make out a good case for his book he exaggerates somewhat absurdly popular ignorance. Peru was a name given to the country by its Spanish conquerors, but the origin of the word is lost in obscurity, though many and curious are the derivations which have been hazarded. The Incas proudly called their country by a long and uncouth word, which meant the four quarters of the world, and we know that even in their time it was intersected by four great roads. Perhaps it was inevitable, even in a small book, that Mr. Clark should carry us back to Pizarro and his achievements, but, fortunately, he has the good sense not to linger unduly in the heroic age. Roman Catholicism prevails in Peru, and Lima can boast of sixty churches, besides monasteries and convents. There are several hospitals, and they are chiefly supported by the sale of lottery tickets. Bull-baiting is still in vogue, and attracts vast crowds to the Plaza de Aecho; but we are glad to learn that the ladies of Lima no longer encourage by their presence the barbarous sport. Upwards of three million pounds of cinchona, or Peruvian bark, are shipped annually to England alone, and this, of course, is a great source of revenue to the country. Tradition asserts that one of the early conquerors lay ill of fever, and that an Indian girl, who was in love with him, was discovered mixing a powder with his medicine. The Spaniards thought that she was about to poison their countryman, and threatened her with torture, whereupon she made known the curative properties of the bark, and so conferred a lasting boon upon mankind. Mr. Clark gives us some lively glimpses of Peruvian society, and on the score of intelligence, as well as grace, he thinks the women carry off the palm. Mr. Finck apparently only spent a couple of months in "Spain and Morocco," and the volume before us merely skims the surface of affairs, though always in an attractive, and occasionally in a suggestive, manner. Unlike most tourists, he has not the temerity to write about the political and social institutions of lands to which he paid at best but flying visits; but he has caught—with rare fidelity to actual life—the local colour and characteristics of Madrid, Seville, Tangier, and a number of other less-known and in some senses more interesting places. The Spanish cities, he assures us, have not yet got to the length of spreading their nets for the unwary feet of tourists, whilst in Morocco the only place where such influences have made themselves felt is Tangier. Morocco has been called the "China of the West," and there is much to justify the description. The distance which separates Morocco and Spain is insignificant, and yet the contrast between the two countries is startling, and is all the more significant when it is remembered that Spain is not the most civilised part of Europe. Although Tetuan is only forty-five miles from Tangier, comparatively few tourists find their way to a city which "boasts of being the cradle of more wealthy Jewish families than any other place in the world." The chief occupation of the Jews in Tetuan is the manufacture of gold embroidery on silk and velvet, and it seems likely that the exiles brought a part of their wealth from Spain when they were driven out of that country four

centuries ago. Tetuan is a decaying city and is already half depopulated. The lights and shadows of life in Northern Africa are reflected with some degree of vividness in this brief but brightly written record.

"Nottinghamshire" is the subject of the latest addition to Mr. Elliot Stock's series of "Popular County Histories." The book—a handsome volume of three hundred pages—has been written by Mr. Cornelius Brown, a local historian, who long ago established his right to speak with authority concerning the great midland shire. In these days the county is perhaps chiefly famous for its textile fabrics and its agricultural interests, but it has played an important part in English history. It was at Newark Castle that King John ended his stormy and ignoble life, whilst from the strong fortress of Nottingham Richard III. went forth to meet his doom on the field of Bosworth. Stoke, too, is memorable as the place where Henry VII. crushed the rebellion of Lambert Simnel; and at Nottingham Charles I. raised the standard of war, and within a few miles of that town, when all was lost, the unhappy monarch surrendered to the Scotch. The county can boast of its stately abbeys and noble churches, as well as its historic castles and mansions. The monastic orders—notably the Benedictines and Austin Canons—have left many impressive traces of their former wealth and power. Welbeck, Newstead, and Sherwood Forest lie within its boundaries, and it has its associations with Cardinal Wolsey and Archbishop Cranmer, as well as with the Pilgrim Fathers. Within these pages Mr. Brown has brought together not merely the great events which have happened in that county, and some account of its architectural treasures, but has also woven into his narrative the legends, traditions, and anecdotes which yet linger in the midlands. He has ransacked the more elaborate works of older historians, and has wisely placed under contribution the new material which the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts and the records of learned societies have rendered accessible. The result is an extremely interesting book, and one which presents in small compass the pith of many larger volumes.

Quite one of the best books of its kind which has appeared in recent years is "Elementary Education in France," by Professor Teegan, of Dublin. The volume is the outcome of annual visits paid during a term of years to the schools and colleges in various parts of France, and schoolmasters ought to study it, since it gives a clear and able exposition of the system of education which now prevails in the primary schools and Normal colleges on the other side of the Channel. The book opens with a brief but well-informed sketch of the state of popular education in France towards the close of last century, and the efforts which were made by the States-General, and during the Consulate and Empire, to broaden the intellectual opportunities of the people. In recent years France has made remarkable progress in the direction of thorough and systematic primary education; and Professor Teegan describes in a clear and intelligible way the practical working of the schools, colleges, and other educational institutions which, under the fostering care of the Republic, have grown to be an immense power in the land. In spite of one or two awkward slips of the pen, the book is of distinct merit, and it gives, so to speak, in a nutshell the tabulated results obtained by a trained and capable observer in a field of inquiry with which he is specially conversant.

Amongst choice and welcome reprints, a word of praise is due to the cheap editions which have just appeared of Lord Selborne's "Book of Praise" and James Russell Lowell's delightful group of essays, "My Study Windows." In the present edition of the "Book of Praise" the number of hymns of which the authors are unknown has been reduced to seven, whilst several additional hymns are now included in the collection which have won their way to general recognition during the last quarter of a century. It is difficult to believe that nearly thirty years have elapsed since the first appearance of this standard anthology, and we do not doubt that in its present form the book will appeal to a much wider circle of readers. As for Lowell's essays, it is enough to say that they are neatly bound, and form an attractive little volume, in spite of the rather diminutive type in which the book has been set up.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. MORLEY spoke at the annual soirée of the Manchester Reform Club on Monday, and devoted the greater part of his speech to a criticism of that delivered a few days before by MR. CHAMBERLAIN at Sunderland. Nothing could have been more effective than the way in which the member for Newcastle exposed the inconsistencies of the member for Birmingham, whilst the severity with which he handled MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S outrageous attack upon a Ministry of which he had himself been a member was as well-deserved as it was great. One point made by MR. MORLEY, though it was not new to those acquainted with the history of the 1880 Administration, has probably surprised most persons. MR. CHAMBERLAIN had charged MR. GLADSTONE and his colleagues with having practically wrecked his Shipping Bill in 1883 by their want of sympathy. MR. MORLEY showed that in 1885 it was not his own colleagues, but the Tory party, and especially LORD SALISBURY, whom MR. CHAMBERLAIN held responsible for the loss of that measure. Probably MR. CHAMBERLAIN had forgotten this frank declaration of his at the moment when he made his flagrant misrepresentation to his audience at Sunderland. On one point, however, MR. MORLEY was mercifully reticent. He omitted to say what all men who were in Parliament at the time knew, that the Shipping Bill of 1883 was really lost not through the fault either of MR. GLADSTONE or LORD SALISBURY but through the gross lack of temper and discretion exhibited by MR. CHAMBERLAIN in the manner in which he pressed it upon Parliament. His arrogance and bitterness roused against his proposals the strenuous opposition of the shipowners, and wholly alienated from him the sympathy of a House of Commons which was well disposed towards the object he had in view. The exercise of a little tact and a little modesty would have ensured the passage of the Bill. It was lost for want of them.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, in a letter to the *Times*, has made a singularly feeble attempt to vindicate himself from the charge brought against him by MR. MORLEY, of "hitting below the belt." With characteristic disregard for those conventions of debate which prevail among gentlemen, he begins his letter by stating that he is quite sure "MR. MORLEY does not believe one word" of his own statement (!), but has "merely allowed himself to be made the channel of the rancorous feelings of the baser sort in the Gladstonian party." We need not quarrel with MR. CHAMBERLAIN for thus exhibiting himself in his true colours as a polite controversialist. It is sufficient to say that he seeks to defend his recent attack upon a Ministry of which he was not only a member, but, as we point out elsewhere, the marplot, by the absurd assertion that MR. MORLEY'S contention is "that a member of a Cabinet must never admit, even by inference, that any one of the proceedings of that Cabinet, or any result of those proceedings, may be matter for subsequent criticism, objection, or regret." MR. MORLEY, as everybody but MR. CHAMBERLAIN knows, contended for nothing of the kind. All that he did contend for was for a little of honesty, a little of decency, and a little of loyalty in our public life. In his rejoinder to MR. CHAMBERLAIN in the *Times* of yesterday, MR.

MORLEY makes this clear, and leaves the unhappy Member for Birmingham to the full discredit he has earned.

WE regret to say that another dastardly crime has stained the annals of Ireland. On Monday night a deliberate attempt was made to destroy the premises of the *National Press*, the organ of the Nationalist party in Dublin, by means of an explosion of dynamite. Although the perpetrators of the outrage have not yet been discovered, there is no question as to the party to which they belong. They represent the following of MR. PARNELL in his later days, and their act proves how far that party has fallen from the time when MR. PARNELL had around him the flower of the Irish party. We cannot doubt that the infamous deed will be repudiated by the more responsible adherents of a cause which is now practically defunct. They must, indeed, know that if that cause had not been dead already such a deed as this would suffice to kill it. It must not, however, be forgotten that these are the men whom the supporters of the present Government profess to regard as the legitimate representatives of Home Rule, and whom they have strenuously backed in their opposition to the overwhelming majority of their fellow-countrymen. We do not pretend to anticipate because of this isolated act a recrudescence of violent crime in Ireland; but we have had at least a significant hint of the continued existence of those graver aspects of the Irish question which have been happily banished from sight by the wise policy of MR. GLADSTONE and the Liberal party, and which MR. BALFOUR has boasted of having suppressed altogether.

THE election for North Kilkenny has resulted in the unopposed return of the Nationalist candidate, MR. McDERMOTT of Woodford, whose name has been prominently before the public in connection with the troubles on LORD CLANRICARDE'S estate. North Kilkenny was the first constituency contested after the split in the Nationalist party, and the charge of "priestly influence" has been made with reference to that contest more emphatically than with regard to any other. Yet no effort has been made to give the anti-clerical minority an opportunity of protesting either by the Parnellites or by those loyal Protestants who are so anxious to express their gratitude to MR. BALFOUR, the proposer and champion of a Catholic University endowed by the State.

SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH seems to have taken upon himself the task of leading the Jingo party in their ignoble attempt to get out of the national pledges on the question of Egypt. It is to be regretted that SIR MICHAEL is apparently ignorant of the real character of those pledges, and of the extent to which they have been adopted by his own colleagues. As we show on another page, MR. GOSCHEN himself, so recently as 1888, spoke as strongly as MR. GLADSTONE has ever done regarding the binding character of our promise to evacuate Egypt so soon as our work there was done; and at that time, at all events, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was careful to repudiate the notion, now so sedulously fostered by SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH and the baser sort of Jingo, that the conditions attaching to our promise entitle us to hold Egypt indefinitely, in defiance of the opinion of Europe. SIR MICHAEL

called upon MR. GLADSTONE and MR. MORLEY to state clearly what their Egyptian policy really was. We have a still stronger right to make the same demand of SIR MICHAEL himself. Does he propose that we shall, if necessary, break our word to Europe and hold Egypt at the cost of a war with France? Until he has given a plain answer to that question, he is not entitled to bring any charge of want of frankness against the Liberal leaders.

THE result of the Strand election is in accordance with expectation. DR. GUTTERIDGE'S candidature did not altogether meet the approval either of the party organisers or of the Liberal press; and the figures are of no value as a basis for prophecy owing to the large number of abstentions at each of the three contests in the history of the constituency. About 30 per cent. of the voters on the register failed to record their votes in 1885; while on the present occasion the number rose to nearly 40 per cent. We must leave the Unionist press to draw such conclusions as may please them. To treat the result as "a measure of the success of the Gladstonians to recapture London" is too flagrant a case of induction from a single instance for even a beginner in political arithmetic.

THE Labour Commission (Group A) has resumed its sitting this week, and taken evidence on the coal trade. Representatives of the Northumbrian employers have expressed a strong opinion in favour of the sliding-scale—now suspended, it is to be hoped only for a time—as a means of averting trade disputes, and have condemned the eight hours day as likely to reduce wages below the minimum necessary for subsistence. On the other hand, the colliers of Fife were shown to have adopted it without entailing a reduction of wages below those paid for a longer day elsewhere; and an interesting scheme was submitted by a Northumberland miner, MR. JAKES, involving three six-hour shifts of men, and two eight-hour shifts of boys. This scheme, it is alleged, would at any rate facilitate more economical working, by securing a more regular attendance on the part of the hewers. But the practical difficulties involved are said to be very considerable. The foreign competition feared by the coal-owners if the hours are reduced seems hardly likely, considering the relation of the output of English coal to that of the rest of Europe. But even the exclusion of English coal from certain foreign markets, and an actual reduction of the output, would be far from an unmixed disadvantage in the long run. It would, at any rate, give an impetus to economy in the use of coal, and to the development of other natural sources of power. Why, for instance, should the electric lighting of Milan be dependent on English coal rather than on Alpine water power?

ON Tuesday the County Council decided—an attempt to evade a decision, by abstention on the part of the Moderates, having failed as it deserved—to arrange for the purchase of the lines of the London Street Tramways Company, probably in order to lease them to the present owners under conditions more favourable to the interest of the public, and, it is to be hoped, to the tramway men, than those which they obtain at present. An amendment declaring that the Council did not intend to work the tramways itself was carried by 59 to 47. The result is interesting both as an attempt to try in London an experiment in Municipal Socialism which has succeeded pretty well in a number of provincial towns, and as providing an obvious Court of Conciliation in the case of a future tramway strike.

THE great banks in Paris are combining to tide over their difficulties, and the best opinion just now

seems to be that a crisis will be averted or at all events postponed. How long it can be put off will depend largely upon the course of events in Russia. Meanwhile negotiations are going on between powerful banks in Paris and the Bank of Spain, with the object of providing the latter institution with the means of increasing its reserve and stopping the depreciation of its notes. Probably the advance will be made, and for a while the Spanish crisis may be checked, but nothing can permanently put the finances of Spain in order but a complete change in the policy of the Government—and of that there is no sign yet. The state of affairs in Portugal is desperate, and the Italian financial crisis is extremely grave. Still, money is abundant in Paris and the banks are supporting one another. In Home Railway Stocks there has been a general recovery during the week, and the state of trade is looking more promising than of late. In the American department, on the other hand, there has been a general decline during the week, and speculators seem to be quite discouraged. The crops have been as good as the most sanguine hoped for, and the European demand is likely to be even larger than most people ventured to predict, while the American money market is very quiet. Yet the operators on the Stock Exchange appear to be powerless: get up prices, and the American public holds aloof. But while speculation is more quiet a better demand has arisen for investment. Fairly well secured bonds are in strong request and so are shares which regularly pay dividends, like those of the New York Central and the Pennsylvania.

THE Bank of England's rate of discount was raised on Thursday from 3 per cent. to 4 per cent. Immediately the rate in the open market advanced to 3½ per cent., but very quickly fell again to 3¼ per cent., and apparently will go lower. The joint stock banks will do nothing to support the Bank of England in its efforts to protect its reserve, and the bill brokers and discount houses are competing eagerly with one another. But in the meantime gold is being withdrawn from the Bank of England in very serious amounts. During the week ended Wednesday night as much as three-quarters of a million sterling was taken, and nobody knows how much the United States may take within the next few weeks. The American exports of grain are on so enormous a scale, and the European crops are so deficient, that it is clear America will have control of the European money markets till next year's harvest, and therefore may take as much gold as it pleases. The Russian Government, moreover, still has large sums standing to its credit in London as well as in Paris, Berlin, and Amsterdam, and to keep its people from starvation may have to draw upon those credits. The Imperial Bank of Germany is withdrawing gold as fast as it can, and from time to time other demands for the metal are arising. If this goes on the money market will be disturbed by-and-by and all business will be thrown into confusion. It is to be hoped, then, that the directors of the Bank of England will take the necessary measures to protect their reserve. They can depend only on themselves, and they ought to act boldly. There is a fresh attempt being made to revive speculation in silver. Apparently the attempt is directed from the United States, but whether it will succeed or not remains to be seen. Meantime the real demand for the metal is very much less than the production. India is not buying much, and neither is the Continent; the price, therefore, is only 44½d. per oz. For a day or two, in the hope of a revived speculation in the metal, there has been more buying of rupee paper than for some time, and there has been some recovery in prices. There is, however, nothing but speculation to justify a rise, though a very large rise is predicted by City operators.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S LATEST.

SOME day, let us hope still far distant, a biographer will sit down to tell the world the story of the life of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Presumably he will have been chosen for the performance of this duty not merely because of his literary powers, but because he felt for his hero that kind of personal loyalty which is the indispensable qualification of the true biographer. Looking at Mr. Chamberlain from the outside he will have believed in the man—believed not merely in his talents, which are undoubted, but in his moral qualities, his honour, good faith, and sincerity, alike as man and as politician. What a revelation it will be that will flash upon the unhappy writer when he masters the secret of the life he has to unveil to the world at large! How strange and unexpected will be the side-lights cast upon Mr. Chamberlain's character in unexpected places, when those records "leap to light" which are carefully hidden from the world until death has reduced the busy, scheming brain to dust. We pity Mr. Chamberlain's biographer then, pity him all the more because among the many discoveries he must make will be that of his hero's absolute ignorance concerning the true character of many of the most striking episodes in his own life. He will find that Mr. Chamberlain was most sublimely self-satisfied when he was playing the most ignoble parts, most deeply imbued with a sense of his own superiority to his fellow-creatures when he was sinking to a depth of ignominy and shame to which it is given to but few of the race of men to fall.

These are strong words, but if any justification for them is needed it will be found in Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Sunderland last week. We have already spoken of some of the more striking features of that speech, but we must turn to it once more in order to consider it as a piece of the autobiography of the speaker's own soul. Nothing more instructive, and we think we may say nothing more terrible in its way, has ever been given to the world. Of its cleverness we have no word of disparagement to utter. The Sunderland Unionists saw the Member for Birmingham at his best—and at his worst. They listened to a very brilliant philippic against his political opponents, the sophistry of which was skilfully hidden behind telling phrases, whilst its acute invective, biting sarcasm, and trenchant criticism were apparent even to the dullest. They listened also to the most damning indictment ever fashioned by a human creature against himself. For what was the meaning of the scornful references to Mr. Gladstone's 1880 Administration but a confession on the part of Mr. Chamberlain himself of failure and incompetence as an Administrator? It would be curious to discuss the question as to whether this confession fell from his lips as an outburst of hardened cynicism, the kind of avowal to which gaol chaplains are accustomed when they are called upon to listen to the unburdening of the soul of some miserable wretch who believes that he has been betrayed by his companions in sin, and cares nothing for the revelation of his own infamy so long as he can injure them, or whether it came from a mistaken belief that those who heard him had forgotten that he was himself one of Mr. Gladstone's Ministers. But we need hardly pause to discuss that point. The amazing thing about the speech was that Mr. Chamberlain, of all men in the world, should have dared to call attention to some of the failures and shortcomings of that particular Administration; for who, if not Mr. Chamberlain himself, was responsible for the greater part of those failures and shortcomings? The true history of the 1880 Government has yet to be written.

When the story is told, the world will know that from the first moment of its existence there was a canker in the bud, that the selfishness and disloyalty of one man brought disaster and confusion not only upon the Government, but upon the nation. Who was it who carried the secrets of the Cabinet in hot haste to his allies in the press? Who was it that sought to gain favour with Mr. Parnell at a moment when that person was the avowed and recognised enemy of England, by revealing to him the intrigues which were being woven against one of his own colleagues in the Cabinet? Who was it who plotted by day and night in order to bring about the downfall of Mr. Forster? Mr. Chamberlain can tell us if he likes to do so, and it is a pity that, when he had once ventured to refer to the Government of 1880, he did not make a clean breast of it. He may rest assured that the time will come when the whole story will be told, and when it is—though he probably will no longer be sensitive to human blame or conscious of human scorn—the tale will not be pleasant reading for his children. We shrink from telling all that might be said about it now; but we marvel at the audacity which has led the man who from 1880 to 1885 played so dark a part in the history of his party to call attention to the story.

It was quite certain after 1885 that no Liberal would again be particularly anxious to find himself associated with Mr. Chamberlain. Whether it was Mr. Goschen or Lord Hartington, Mr. Forster or Mr. Gladstone, there was hardly a man on the Liberal side who had not learned by that time what was the kind of service he might expect to receive at the hands of Mr. Chamberlain, what the sort of loyalty which he might reckon upon finding in him. We wonder whether the Tory party regard him with any greater degree of favour? For our part, we doubt it. True, they are grateful to him for the services which his acrid tongue and keen intellect can render to their side. They crowd to hear him speak, when they know that he means to resume his favourite work of lodging another "information" against his old allies. But they cannot relish the language in which, at Sunderland, for instance, he bragged of the manner in which he had driven them to accept Liberal measures. They cannot but resent the patronage with which he afflicts them. If they trusted him, if they regarded him in the light in which they regard Lord Hartington or Mr. Goschen, or Lord Selborne or Sir Henry James, he would hardly be left to his present isolation, and his name would not have gone absolutely unmentioned when men were discussing the succession to the leadership of the House of Commons. That he himself is now anxious to cast in his lot with the Tory party is sufficiently evident. He has recanted every opinion which might prevent his doing so in a manner sufficiently ostentatious, and, Heaven knows, more than sufficiently humiliating. He has even forsworn the errors of the Birmingham Education League and appeared as the public champion of that settlement which, when it was first propounded by Mr. Forster, he denounced as something worse than an act of treason. At Sunderland he sought to complete his conversion by waving the Jingo flag aloft and pouring his scorn upon the foreign policy of a Cabinet of which he was himself one of the most powerful members. His present allies can hardly ask more from him than this. And yet, strange to say, they show no disposition to open their ranks to him. He is welcome to do their service outside the walls, and they will fling him their applause as the patron of old flung his alms to the bravo who did the work for which his own fastidious fingers were unfit. But take him to themselves; trust him as an ally, cherish him as a

friend? For these things, at least, they are not prepared.

How is it? What is the fatal blot on Mr. Chamberlain's character which nullifies his brilliant talents, his unbounded ambition, his remarkable command of all the resources of the political adventurer? We have only to read with care the Sunderland speech in order to get a sufficient answer to these questions. It is one of the ablest speeches he ever made; it is inspired by a perfect fury of hatred against those who were once his colleagues and associates. Manifestly he was in a white heat of passion when he spoke, and undoubtedly he dealt many shrewd blows at his antagonists. But from first to last in that speech not one trace of the nobler side of our human nature is to be found, not one appeal to those higher instincts which happily exist in most hearts. And in this respect it is like all Mr. Chamberlain's speeches. With all their ability they never moved any man to a noble impulse, nor was anyone ever the better for reading them. We have only to contrast a speech by Mr. Chamberlain with one by Mr. Bright, for example, in order to see the poorness of the moral fibre of the former, how absolutely he fails to understand that man does not live by bread alone, nor by the most brilliant criticisms of his political opponents, nor even by the most dexterous appeals to his own selfishness. It is in that last word that we find the key to Mr. Chamberlain's downfall. Centred in himself, he has never understood how any motive can surpass in its strength in the human heart that of selfishness. Even in the days when he tried to place himself in the van of the army of progress, and when he was urgent in his advocacy of great measures of reform, it was a sordid gospel which he preached, and his one notion of winning the sympathies of his fellow-creatures was by appealing to their own self-interest. It is curious, indeed, that a man in many ways so capable should have fallen into an error so vulgar; but it accounts sufficiently for the fact that whilst one great political party loathes him, the other distrusts him. It explains why his most brilliant speeches, his fiercest invective, his acutest criticism, all pass by like the east wind, leaving never a trace of their passing behind them. Perhaps, too, this is the reason why those against whom he persistently intrigued when he was their colleague have received his latest attempt to injure them with a smile of pity, rather than with that outburst of righteous indignation to which it might well have given rise.

LETHARGIC LONDON.

EVERY active worker in the great desert known as London must sorrowfully admit the justice of the indictment of its inhabitants which Sir Charles Russell drew in his admirable election speech last Saturday. The lethargy of London, its apathetic indifference to the great political issues of the day, its inability to supply any concentrated impulse or maintain any durable agitation, have all been for a whole generation the commonplaces of social reformers. The Strand election has come and gone, without any momentous consequences. Lord Salisbury's position is not strengthened: the flowing tide is not stayed merely because one Mr. Smith has succeeded another Mr. Smith in the representation of the Strand. But the political apathy of London remains as a serious problem for those whose belief in Democracy is largely based upon its efficacy in educating the average sensual citizen of a colossal modern State.

For London no longer stands alone in the Western World as a city of abnormal size. For over two hundred years it has been by far the most populous town in Europe or America, but during the present generation several other aggregations of urban population have come to number their people in millions. Paris and New York, Berlin and Chicago, are already experiencing, as regards extent and rapidity of growth, all the difficulties of our own Metropolis. The characteristic lesson of the censuses, even in the new lands of Australia and Western America, is the rapid concentration of the people in large urban centres. Civilisation is everywhere running into big cities, and population, instead of spreading itself over the unoccupied earth, is steadily coagulating, like drops of quicksilver, into larger and larger masses. Purely agricultural communities are becoming daily of less relative weight in the political world. Instead of the old City-State, the typical sphere of modern Democracy appears likely soon to be a State of Cities.

There are still many among us who do not adequately realise this aspect of modern life. Our political economists and our novelists (who have, indeed, more in common than might hastily be imagined) may even now be divided into two great classes. There are those, like John Stuart Mill and George Eliot, who unconsciously look at England as a vast stretch of rural scenery, in which there are, here and there, towns. The view of the other class, in which we may venture to class together Professor Marshall and Emile Zola, takes spontaneously the form of a series of cities between which there are highly valued spaces of rural country. Which vision is the more beautiful we need not here inquire; nor need we consider any such charming idyll as Mr. William Morris pictures for us in "News from Nowhere," in which towns seem entirely to have disappeared. What is more important is the sorrowful conviction of social reformers that big towns exist and have "come to stay." How far is it to be expected that they must necessarily be marked by social disorganisation or political lethargy?

If it were necessary really to administer a tonic to faint hearts, we should say to them, Go to the North, and be of good cheer. All big cities are not like London. Manchester still has public opinion, Birmingham retains all its political faith, Leeds and Newcastle show us how a rapidly increasing population may be consistent with a fine political imagination, Glasgow how the "second city of the Empire" can give lessons to the first. All these places have their deficiencies, but they serve to prove to us, at any rate, that full participation in Democratic life is not impossible even in a modern industrial city.

London, in short, is suffering, not so much from its size as from its continuous numerical growth, along with politically arrested development. Biology and history alike warn us of the ruin which comes where growth in organisation does not keep pace with mere increase in bulk. The lethargy of London, its political and social disorganisation, are no less the Nemesis of its exclusion from the Municipal Corporations Act than are its fevers and its slums. The city of five millions has continued to be swathed in the clothes of a rural hamlet; and when that swaddling became unbearable, Mr. Ritchie gave it, in addition, the apparel of a rural county. The apathetic Londoner may fairly ask to be given, at any rate, the same scope for activity as the once equally apathetic inhabitants of Liverpool or Bristol received by the great municipal reorganisation of 1835.

For, be it observed, the political lethargy of London has seldom meant intellectual stagnation.

A very large proportion of the ideas which have been carried into effect by the more practical Northern democracies have emanated from the politically helpless Metropolis. The early history of Trade Unionism and Chartism gives London no unworthy place. The wonderful creations of the Co-operative movement have been in no small degree due to the constant moral and intellectual stimulus supplied by Londoners. The upspringing of the new passion for social reform has been almost entirely a London movement, only now slowly penetrating the provinces. It is, indeed, not ideas that have been lacking to London, nor prophets to utter them, nor even, let it be added, stones wherewith to reward these prophets. But the seed which elsewhere fell on good ground found in London but little opportunity for existence, and perished because the Metropolis had neither the healthy air of municipal self-government, nor the fertiliser of well-organised public life.

The streets of the Metropolis are, indeed, thick with the ghosts of unsuccessful social experiments in that self-help which our Northern friends are so apt to press upon us, almost in the spirit in which Mrs. Dombey was urged to "make an effort." Scarcely a street in that Central London of which Mr. Charles Booth's latest volume gives so sorrowful an account but was once the site of some struggle towards better social life. The names of these thoroughfares acquire, indeed, a kind of sad consecration for the student of social movements. Almost every one is enshrined in the half-forgotten history of the Co-operations and Socialisms of the early part of the century, as the address of some band or another of the prophets and martyrs of the time, whose little enterprises—born of a zeal and a faith and a hope not inferior to those of the Northern cities—were crushed out of existence, after more or less travail, by the special difficulties of London life.

There is hope in the very backwardness of London. If the Metropolis had all the advantages of provincial municipalities; if the Trade Union and the Co-operative Society already flourished in its midst; if local public life were as active as it is in Birmingham or Leeds; if we found in national politics alone that lethargy which Sir Charles Russell deplores, then, indeed, there would be some reason to despair of the city. But out of a sow's ear can no silk purse be made. It is hopeless to seek to spread Co-operation and Trade Unionism, municipal action, and local public spirit, in the London slums as they now are. We know from the experience of the Lancashire and Yorkshire towns that every development of municipal activity will be accompanied by an increase in Co-operative activity; every hour's additional leisure resulting from a new Factory Act by additional organisation in Trade Unions and Friendly Societies; every rise in the standard of life of the citizens by an increase in their participation in the public affairs of their country. Give but to the Metropolis the same engines of social improvement as the provincial cities have enjoyed for nearly two generations, and it is not optimistic to predict that within less than that period the Capital of the Empire will become no longer a by-word, but a model, to the cities of the world.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

IT is a pity that the Conservative press, which has been regaling its readers with a travesty of M. Ribot's speech on the Egyptian question, had not before it the correct version of that very remarkable and, all things considered, most encouraging

declaration. By an unfortunate error of translation, M. Ribot was made to say in English the precise opposite of what he had said in French. He was credited with the remark that France was prepared to "obtain" fresh guarantees from this country in regard to Egypt. What he really said was that France was ready to "give" guarantees to England. This part of his moderate and singularly well-balanced statement is so important that we give the English rendering of the report appearing in the *Journal Officiel*:—"If," said M. Ribot, "we are asked to take part with the rest of Europe in negotiations, the object of which would be to give guarantees to Great Britain on the morrow of the evacuation, we shall persist in maintaining our present attitude, which is neither selfish nor exclusive, and we shall be ready to supplement those guarantees if necessary." It was on this statement, unfortunately, that the *Standard* founded a violent attack on French foreign policy, which was equally unwise and unreasonable. So far from it being true that France has taken advantage of Mr. Gladstone's and Mr. Morley's cautious re-affirmation of the truth—the undeniable and unalterable truth—concerning the temporary and international character of our occupation of Egypt, the result has been to secure, first, a considerable lowering of tone, and, secondly, an offer which, if honestly dealt with by our Foreign Office, should open a broad way to a final settlement of this vexata quæstio of Anglo-French diplomacy. Not that M. Ribot's speech involves any appreciable change in the attitude of the French nation to the Egyptian problem. M. Ribot has simply put in rather more conciliatory language the declaration of M. Duclerc, in 1883. "We have never supposed," said M. Duclerc, "that obligations regularly contracted by free States" (i.e., as in regard to Egypt) "can be annihilated without the co-operation or the consent of all the contracting Powers." With this statement of a position which is unassailed and unassailable, France has now offered to join in a plan which would exclude the possibility of the sole French action which appears as a convenient bugbear whenever it is suggested that we should keep our word to Europe and retire from Egypt. M. Ribot says, in the plainest terms, that France has no exclusive interests, and that she will join in a scheme of neutralisation, to be laid before the Powers in Conference, which would for ever forbid their exercise.

We cannot but think, therefore, that the moment is in every way favourable for the action which Mr. Gladstone, leaving time and method entirely in Lord Salisbury's hands, hoped that the Prime Minister might be able to take before the sands of his fated Ministry have run out. Our position is in every way a strong one. M. Ribot suggests a reference to "the rest of Europe," but nobody knows better than the French Minister that if we choose to insist on remaining, we are not likely to be forced from our position save by an open war with France. At the Egyptian Conference in London seven years ago, it was instructive to observe the deliberate refusal of the Great Powers to interfere decisively between France and ourselves. "It is your affair and France's" was the usual reply to appeals for a definite, and what we may call an operative, statement of the European position. Since then we have edged into the Triple Alliance, and, if the worst came to the worst, France would have a bare majority of the Great Powers against her, and on our side. On the face of it, this appears to enforce the argument of those who would have us stay in Egypt whether France likes it or no. "If Europe won't turn us out, why on earth should we go?" says the stick-at-any-price Jingo, though we note that his language is never echoed by any responsible

Englishman—Liberal or Tory. Surely it is unnecessary to say why. In the first place, we have promised to go—promised by the mouth of the representatives of both parties, without distinction, and in forms of words as solemn and explicit as were ever exchanged between man and man. In the second place, if we do not go we pay our price—not, indeed, in any direct attempt of Europe to force us to keep troth, for this is unlikely, but in trouble, cost, and danger wherever France and England touch borders or interests. We have only to run over such names as Newfoundland, Siam, New Caledonia, Madagascar, Constantinople, in order to realise what this inevitable hostility has meant for us during the last seven or eight years. It is this running warfare with a singularly astute and active diplomacy which we have the power to stop by the simple act of keeping faith with the European concert.

As for the first point, it is unnecessary to argue all over again the question of the purely mandatory character of our intervention in Egypt. That action was inaugurated by Lord Granville's invitation to the great Powers to meet in Conference. Our policy in Egypt, said Lord Granville, was "wholly opposed to the preponderating influence of any single Power," and he reiterated this statement in every form which language could suggest. On that understanding, and that alone, the Powers allowed us to intervene to protect the financial interests (to put the matter in its baldest fashion) which we and they had in common. According to the *Standard* this bond was wiped out by our "sacrifices" on the field of Tel-el-Kebir, and on the bloody battle-fields of the Soudan. We have simply to point out that for good or for evil nothing of the kind occurred. It was understood all along that we went to Egypt simply to restore the *status quo* as between Egypt and the Powers. To prove that we had this end, and this alone, in view, the Constantinople Conference of the Powers agreed to the signing of a joint self-denying protocol, declaring that none of them sought "any territorial advantage, nor any concession, nor any exclusive privilege, nor any commercial advantage for their subjects, other than those which any other nation can equally obtain." This position was confirmed after Tel-el-Kebir by renewed assurances that no new powers had been conferred on England, and that our work was "the preserving of the rights and interests of Foreign Powers." It is clear, therefore, that "compensation" for our sacrifices has to be sought in some other direction than in using our occupation of Egypt in order to shorten our road to India in time of war, or for any other of the material "advantages" which an unscrupulous abuse of our position might suggest. We venture to say that Lord Salisbury never has asserted any such right and never will. All one can say is that, if he did, he would be a party to a singularly profligate as well as a desperately short-sighted act of bad faith. For his own Ministry are as much pledged to withdrawal as are his Unionist allies, by the mouth of the Mr. Chamberlain and the Lord Hartington of 1884, as against the eccentric editions of those two statesmen which have come down to us in 1891. If this fact is disputed, we have simply to refer to Mr. Goschen's speech on December 20th, 1888:—

"Hon. members," said Mr. Goschen, "have asked what is our policy with regard to Egypt in general. There, again, we have given the most explicit declarations. . . . We are pledged before Europe not to occupy Egypt permanently. . . . That is the distinct pledge we have given. . . . I deny entirely that there is any obscurity as to the policy of the Government as regards Egypt. I say distinctly that we do not look upon the occupation of Egypt as strengthening the position of this country."

In what respect does this emphatic declaration differ from Mr. Gladstone's and Mr. Morley's? In none that we see. The question of the hour is, therefore, narrowed to the single point—whether the prospect of terminating an occupation which has lasted nine years, in place of Lord Hartington's estimate of six months, is not brought perceptibly nearer by M. Ribot's offer to join in a scheme of sheer neutralisation. Most statesmen, we should say, would conclude that the opportunity was simply a golden one. Is it to pass useless away in the din raised by the factious cries of an uninstructed and truly unpatriotic press?

THE CONFIDENCE TRICK IN EAST AFRICA.

THE question of giving a guarantee for a railway from Mombasa to Uganda is one which, on the face of it, hardly possesses at this moment that degree of "actuality" usually belonging to subjects discussed in our leading columns. We desire, nevertheless, to take note of it at this early stage, for it is one on which Liberals must be prepared to speak with no uncertain sound, if they are to maintain their claim to be the guardians of constitutionalism and the privileges of the Commons House of Parliament. As to the actual amount of public money immediately in jeopardy, there may be some exaggeration. If Mr. Bryce was correctly reported, he spoke the other day of a liability of three or four hundred thousand a year. But he must have been thinking of a broad-gauge, fast-going railway, such as we know in civilised countries; whereas we opine that all that is contemplated is one of those toy-lines, travelling about nine miles an hour and supplied with engines possessing a traction power equal to about half a dozen cab-horses. Such a line would serve the purpose of the Company quite as well as one modelled on the Great Western, for there is nothing and nobody to carry, beyond an occasional invalid missionary and a few hundred-weight of hospital stores. Sir John Fowler is stated to estimate the cost at £2,000,000, and, judging from his professional eminence, we should guess that he is not more than a million wrong in the total. Still, an annual charge of £120,000 a year is quite a respectable item in the Civil Service Estimates of this country, and, once it is secured, the friends of the Company, like the daughters of the horse-leech, will clamour afresh for further grants, for branch lines, "feeder" roads, irrigation, forest-clearance, and sanitation, so that, in the long run, Mr. Bryce's estimate of £400,000 a year may be verified. The main question at issue is whether the House of Commons is bound to supply the funds simply because it is told by half-known persons, like Sir Arnold Kemball and Admiral Fremantle, that the whole thing has been settled behind its back, and that it has only got to pay and look pleasant. The champions of public economy must make a stand somewhere, and this is as good an occasion as could present itself for so doing. The Government, like the unjust steward, knows that its days are short, and unless it is firmly tackled, it is impossible to say what burden of embarrassment it may not bequeath to its successors. It cannot be too constantly borne in mind that the next Liberal Government will want all its available resources to complete the freeing of Education and of the breakfast-table. Already the Tories have done a good deal towards shaping the budgets of their successors by the Naval Defence Act and the Irish Land Purchase legislation. Africa affords a glorious field for the creation of further financial embarrassment.

Indeed, it is difficult to see why East Africa, of

all places in Africa or elsewhere, should be selected for the proposed *largesse*. Not to mention South Africa, which will no doubt put in its claim before many weeks, there is the Niger Company, which represents a far more hopeful and meritorious form of enterprise. Stronger still is the claim of our Crown Colonies in West Africa, with their large population of educated and astute traders. There the building of a railway, besides the effect, if any, which it might have upon the slave-trade, would undoubtedly relieve us from the troublesome and costly duty of suppressing the chronic wars of the near interior. But it is the known and accepted policy of the British Government not to help Colonial development by subsidies from the taxation at home; and in Cyprus we have seen this policy carried to a pitch of meanness and ferocity which has called forth the indignation not only of foreigners, but of our own unofficial countrymen. It is only in places which are not Colonies at all, which the Imperial Government neither selects nor directs, that, according to the apostles of the New Jingoism, John Bull is to open his purse and shut his eyes. Sir Arnold Kemball, in his letter to the *Times* last week, bases the claim of the British East Africa Company largely upon the obligations created by the "General Act" of the Brussels Conference, which egregious document mentioned railways among other means of combating the slave-trade. He forgets to remind his readers that the ratifications of the General Act have not been yet exchanged, and that, owing to the action of the French Assembly and United States Senate in repudiating what was done at Brussels in their name, it is doubtful if the whole thing will not fall through. At all events, we may urge that we should at least wait until some other of the signatory Powers shows a *bond fide* intention to subsidise a slave-trade railway at some other point; and we may invite the champions of the Uganda railway to give some reason for believing that, if we admit the obligation to subsidise an East African railway, we should not be equally bound to subsidise half a dozen other railways in other parts of the Slave-Trade zone. For our own part, we do not see how a "single line" railway running to a particular point in the interior could make any material impression on the slave-trade. The traders are not now to be found along the route of the proposed railway, and they would simply continue to avoid its neighbourhood, carrying on, as they do now, their operations elsewhere. We should rather fear that, in order to expedite and cheapen the construction of the line, great numbers of slaves would be hired from men like Tippoo Tib, under some euphemism which would disguise the nature of the bargain from the public, and that in this way the slave-trade would receive a considerable impulse.

But even if a great agricultural country could be developed of a sudden in East Africa by a lavish expenditure of British money—which we doubt—the objection would at once arise that it is not in the interest of the British Crown to do the work. The Crown is, in its Eastern possessions, the largest agricultural landlord in the world. Its tenants, who number tens of millions, are already hard pressed to pay their dues, owing to the general cheapening of tropical food-stuffs, such as rice, grain, tea, tapioca, etc. etc. For the British Government deliberately to bring into existence an agricultural country in competition with India, Burmah, and Ceylon—thus further lowering the price of tropical produce—would be about as sensible as for the landlords of England to subsidise the construction of railways and grain elevators in the Western States of America. If East Africa develops into an agricultural country by the operation of natural and economic forces, it will only

be the fortune of war, and the British East must grin and bear it, even if bankruptcy follow. But for the British Government to develop East Africa of malice prepense would be a form of national suicide.

Happily, time is running against those who wish to place this preposterous burden upon the shoulders of the nation. Even if the Government were to propose the survey vote on the first day of the Session, the surveying parties would not be at work until March. Their work would not be done until September, nor considered before the New Year (1893); and then the guarantee must be embodied in a Bill to be introduced into Parliament, for we would remind our enthusiastic Imperialists that a guarantee by an Executive Government only binds the Administration which gives it, and not the House of Commons. Thus, even if there is no dissolution next summer, the Bill will have to be championed through a dying House by a dying Cabinet; and, unless we mistake the temper and toughness of our men in the Commons, there can be little doubt as to the issue of such a struggle. What they would have to argue, apart from the foolishness and extravagance of the thing, would be that the House is not to be deprived of its absolute liberty and supremacy in matters of finance by any of those hole-and-corner, semi-official or semi-social, negotiations, which the Company now put forward as the *causæ causantes* of their penury and failure. The House of Commons cannot be fixed with liability in this matter, because, in one way or another, discussion has been persistently evaded on African affairs. Sir James Fergusson—although the best-bred and kindest of men—was an adept in the art of giving baffling and perverse answers. Committee of Supply has nearly always been late, being sometimes deliberately postponed until such watchdogs of Stern Sense and Economy as Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Dillon were out of the way; and upon occasion millions of money have been voted in the middle of the night without any shadow of discussion, however important the questions of policy arising upon the several items.

COMPULSORY GREEK.

GREEK must go. We say so notwithstanding the overwhelming majority—525 to 185—by which the Senate at Cambridge has rejected the proposal for inquiry. Of the ultimate result there can be little doubt. The Senate cannot long retard that which for many reasons has become inevitable, and Greek must at no distant date cease to be compulsory. That conviction is forced upon us quite as much by the admissions of the opponents of the Grace as by the arguments of the advocates of change. In the controversy, it is to be noted with satisfaction, there has been remarkably little exaggeration of the value of Greek as a mental discipline, no undue exaltation of the treasures locked up in it at the expense of modern literature. As little has there been any narrow-minded depreciation of its value. When, some twenty years ago, the question was debated *à propos* of Lord Sherbrooke's Edinburgh speech on education, there was much wild talk; and angry essayists wrote as if English were a *patois*, and Shakespeare, Dante, and Goethe had never written. In a much more sensible spirit, and with much more edifying arguments, has the point been discussed. We have made distinct progress in regard to the theory of education, if the study of Greek has not advanced, since 1869. But there is the capital admission, which we all know to be true—the bulk of the passmen do not learn Greek now that it is compulsory;

they acquire an elementary knowledge of the grammar, and can stumble through a few books. But of the beauties of Greek literature they know nothing. Facile converse with its great writers they have not. They never advance to the point at which they might profit by the use of one of the most perfect instruments ever devised by man, and the little knowledge which they have is quickly forgotten. When the question is put in its proper form—Shall we continue to make a smattering of Greek compulsory? Shall we make it obligatory to proceed with its study to a point far short of the stage at which it becomes helpful?—the answer is clear. No better mental discipline exists than that which is obtained by translating accurately an author such as Aristotle or Thucydides. No humanising influence is in some ways comparable to that which comes with converse, intimate and often renewed, with the Greek Tragedians. "I have gone back to Greek literature with a passion quite astonishing to myself. I have never felt anything like it. . . . When I went back to the Greek (literature), I felt as if I had never known before what intellectual enjoyment was. Oh, that wonderful people! There is not one art, not one science, about which we may not use the same expression which Lucretius has employed about the victory over superstition, '*Primum Græcius homo*.'" What Macaulay thus enthusiastically expressed, everyone who has read much Greek in youth feels when, with judgment enlarged, and with modern literature familiar to him, he returns in mature life to some of the plays of Euripides or re-reads with rising admiration Thucydides' weighty pages. But to the ordinary passman all this is shut. He profits neither by the mental discipline nor the humanising influence justly claimed for Greek by him to whom its pages lie open. If Greek must cease to be compulsory it is largely because the schools and Universities have failed to make their ordinary pupils capable of construing with ease and intelligence the simplest author. The present compulsory *minimum* of Greek is a *quantité négligeable*. "Compulsory Greek" so often means, in fact—as more than one head master has pointed out—merely ignorance of English and many other subjects.

One reservation must be made. We wish that we could see in all the arguments in favour of the change a clear sense that with the removal of Greek there are perils ahead for liberal education. This is not the case, and it may have affected the voting. To take one example, that of Dr. Welldon, he writes as if it were enough to show that the parents of boys desire the subject to be no longer compulsory. That ought not to be conclusive; we look to the Universities to preserve things which, under a reign of supply and demand, might not be retained. With all the faults of the present system of classical education it is a recognition of the truth that merely bread-and-butter subjects do not suffice, and that the aims of the Universities ought to be very different from those of technical or professional schools. "A University training," said one who was an illustrious example of his own words, "is the great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end: it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power and refining the intercourse of private life." A noble ideal, which the Universities have fallen far short of, even in their best days. But the ideal was never quite lost sight of; and that ideal we would not only preserve, but make more of a reality than it has ever been. Technical colleges are ex-

cellent, but they are not Universities, and cannot be made such. Lord Grimthorpe is right in protesting against Cambridge being turned into a "commercial academy" or a "useful knowledge shop"; and we should be with Professor Jebb and his friends if we believed that the proposed Grace would have that effect. There must be a renovated curriculum. But it must provide for the higher education of the young Englishman. It must be a true education in the "humanities." It should enlarge the mental horizon and introduce the student to regions in which is breathed purer air than is found where men only toil for money and power. It should furnish food for the imagination, not merely prepare a man to "fill any post with credit, and master any subject with facility," but make him a larger and more refined human being, and enrich him with tastes and accomplishments which will be a happiness to himself and others. Neither at Oxford nor at Cambridge have the many recent changes brought us to that point. But in that renovated curriculum to be hoped for Greek will retain a place, not because, as Sir George Bowen argues, it is still a living language of great use to a traveller in the East, if pronounced as it is everywhere but in England; not because, as the head master of Haileybury College argues, the Universities will continue to offer scholarships for proficiency in it, but because it is no mean part of literary culture. It needs no artificial supports. There is more to be said for Greek on its own merits than some of the advocates of "compulsory Greek," judging by their refusal to look into the matter, seem to believe.

THE TROUBLES OF THE PARIS BOURSE.

SINCE the Russian loan was brought out the Paris Bourse has been in an apprehensive state. Prices generally have declined and operators are evidently nervous. As has frequently been pointed out in this journal, there has been too wild a speculation in France for some years past, and of late the market has had very severe trials. The collapse of the Panama Canal, the failure of the Comptoir d'Escompte, the revolution in Brazil, the crisis in Argentina and Uruguay, and the civil war in Chili, all have caused a very large lock-up of capital on the part of bankers, and have inflicted heavy losses upon speculators and investors. Until quite recently, however, the market bore these various trials with extraordinary equanimity. Firstly, the intervention of the Bank of France prevented a panic at the time of the failure of the Comptoir d'Escompte and the copper crash, and since then the banks have combined together to tide over their difficulties; and as the majority of those most deeply involved are not deposit banks, and therefore are not exposed to the danger of a run, they have up to the present been able apparently to triumph over all obstacles. But just now they are once more face to face with very grave embarrassments. The most serious of all, perhaps, is the famine in Russia. We have already made it clear that France has given to Russia more credit than just now she is entitled to. It is generally estimated that France holds over 100 millions sterling of Russian securities. It is now coming to be acknowledged that a large part of the recent loan will have to be laid out in providing food for the starving people, and then it seems probable that the contemplated railways will not be built. But the contemplated railways are needed, and therefore another loan before long will have to be brought out. At the same time the expenditure at home in famine-relief and the falling off in the revenue must cause such a

deficit in this year's and next year's Budget that for that alone fresh borrowing will have to take place. But the prospect of heavy borrowing at such a time—with famine ravaging the empire, and with at least a danger of serious political troubles—can hardly fail to cause such a heavy fall in Russian bonds as may have a disastrous influence upon the Paris Bourse.

Unfortunately, grave as is the Russian famine, it is not the only adverse influence that is just now affecting the Paris Bourse. For many years the Spanish Government has been spending largely in excess of its revenue, and the deficits that occur annually have been temporarily defrayed by advances made by the Bank of Spain. With strange want of foresight, the Spanish Government refused to bring out loans in Paris while its credit was good and while Paris was in the mood for lending indiscriminately, and now, when Paris is no longer prepared to lend, the difficulties of the Spanish Government threaten to become insuperable. The Bank of Spain, in financing the Government, was obliged to issue notes to the extreme limit allowed by law, and last session the law was changed so as to permit the bank to go on issuing further notes. The bank has done so; but, unfortunately, the country is not prepared to take more of those notes, and they have fallen, consequently, to a heavy discount. The situation, therefore, is as follows:—The Government cannot borrow abroad on terms which it is willing to accept, and at home it can get advances in the requisite amounts only from the Bank of Spain. But if the Bank of Spain makes the advances it depreciates still further its own notes, and so may bring on a crisis in the great financial centres in Spain. From time to time the Bank of Spain has got loans from bankers in Paris, and some of those loans will now very soon fall due. Of course the bankers will have to continue the loans, for by refusing to do so they would simply bring on the crash which it is their interest to prevent. But the Bank of Spain is not content with the mere continuance of existing loans; it wants fresh accommodation, and it has therefore opened negotiations for not only continuing the old loans but for making new. Probably the negotiations will succeed, for it is the interest of the great bankers in Paris to prevent a crash if they can; indeed, it is understood that some of those bankers are willing to make a further advance if the Bank of Spain hands over to them redeemable Spanish bonds at a very low price. The price is so low that the Bank of Spain hesitates to comply; and while it is hesitating the credit of Spain is falling and the danger of a crisis is growing greater and greater. Unfortunately, the difficulties of Spain are increased by the decision of the French Government to raise the duties upon goods imported from Spain. If this is done the wine-growers of Spain assert that their trade with France will be ruined. For a long time past France has imported very large quantities of Spanish wine to work up in place of its own produce destroyed by the phylloxera. The proposed duties, it is alleged, will make it impossible to continue these imports; and the fear that the duties may be raised has not only unsettled the minds of wine-growers throughout Spain, but has caused a heavy fall in Spanish railway securities in Spain itself and on the Paris Bourse. Lastly, Spanish investors, who for a considerable time past have been buying the bonds of their own Government in large amounts, have been frightened by the depreciation of the notes of the Bank of Spain and have stopped buying. It is possible that a crisis may be averted for a while by a fresh advance to the Bank of Spain, and by an arrangement respecting

Customs between the two countries; but it seems quite clear that the crisis cannot be very long postponed if the Spanish Government persists in its present policy. Either it must increase its revenue or reduce its expenditure, otherwise a crash must come—and before very long.

In addition to all this there is the old fear that Portugal will be unable to continue paying the interest on its debt. No careful observer doubts that the Portuguese debt is far greater than the country can pay; in fact, the charge for the debt amounts to more than half the total revenue, and no country can go on permanently paying more than half the revenue in interest upon its debt. Up to the present Portugal has avoided repudiation by continual borrowing, but now her credit is exhausted, and there are very serious doubts as to whether she can find the means of paying the coupon which falls due next January. The great bankers of Paris are interested in Portuguese finance as well as in Spanish and Russian, and a breakdown of Portugal would therefore add to their already overwhelming embarrassments. That Portugal must break down, or, at all events, must make a compromise with her creditors, we have already said, and therefore it is difficult to see how a crisis in Paris can be very long postponed. France now does not hold anything like the same amount of Italian securities that she once did; but her investments in Italy are still very large, and, unfortunately, the crisis in Italy shows no signs of abating. The banks are discredited, trade is depressed, the local authorities are sunk chin-deep in debt, and the Government is spending far more than it receives. Still, Italy is not in so bad a state as Spain, and is not nearly in so hopeless a condition as Portugal. But unless the Italian Government changes its policy, there must be a breakdown in Italy as well as in Spain and Portugal.

In every direction the bankers and speculators and investors of France see grave difficulties looming before them; and those difficulties are the less easily dealt with because the harvest this year has been so bad, and because, therefore, the country has to import exceptionally large quantities of food from abroad. Up to the present the exports of gold to pay for these imports of food have not been as large as a little while ago was apprehended, but they are going on still, and are likely to go on for months. That being so, there is a danger that the Money Market in Paris may become disturbed; that the embarrassed houses which are now struggling against so many difficulties may not be able to get the accommodation they require; and that, in consequence, the failure of some of those houses may precipitate a very grave crisis. But the French banks are accustomed to co-operate with one another in times of trial; they may do so now, and by their combination they may be able to avert the crisis that seems imminent. At all events, the public is apprehensive that the difficulties are growing too great and too numerous to be dealt with in such a fashion.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

TOWARDS the close of autumn, war rumours, like the armies of antiquity, retire into winter quarters—only to reappear, however, with the spring. The last exchange of international courtesies this season—the visit of the King of Roumania to the German Emperor at Berlin—began on Tuesday; and, of course, it has been interpreted as a sign of the goodwill entertained by the Roumanian Government to the members of the Triple alliance. The Czar is going home from Copenhagen

by way of Dantzic—possibly, however, for purely personal reasons. Even the commercial warfare we spoke of last week may yet be averted by negotiations. France, for instance, will apply the new minimum tariff during 1892 to those nations whose treaties with it expire on February 1st, pending possible renewals; the treaty between Germany and Austria, concluded some months ago, will be submitted to the German Reichstag during the third week in November; negotiations are shortly to be opened for a commercial treaty between Switzerland and Italy, while those between the latter Power and Austria and Germany will be sufficiently advanced for the Italian Premier to make a satisfactory statement on the subject on Monday week; and this week Serbia has begun negotiations for a similar purpose with Germany and Austria. On Monday, in the discussion of the Budget for Foreign Affairs, M. Ribot made a speech of considerable importance, justifying the action of the Government in respect to recent events both at Nice and Rome, and declaring its willingness to join any plan for the neutralisation of Egypt of which the guarantees should be found satisfactory. He dwelt also upon the security offered for the maintenance of European peace by the growing strength of France, and, except for a passage declaring the intention of the Government to assert its rights in respect of the oasis of Touat—which will lead to trouble only with that not very formidable State, Morocco—his speech is of the same pacific nature as those delivered last month by M. de Freycinet. The estimate for the embassy to the Vatican has been voted by 284 to 210, and the prosecution of the Archbishop of Aix, though it has provided him with a number of letters of sympathy, including one from the Pope (which does not, however, refer directly to the action of the Government), does not seem as yet to be doing much harm to the Republic. It is held in some quarters, however, that the whole pilgrimage movement is a protest on the part of the irreconcilable Catholics to the action of Cardinal Lavigerie and the new "Conservative Republicans" in accepting the present régime. From this point of view nothing could suit their purpose better than this prosecution.

One of these Conservative Republicans, M. Denormandie—who has previously stood as a Monarchist—was second on the list at the Auxerre election to the Chamber on Sunday, but has prudently retired before the second ballot. At Lille, on the same day, a Radical deputy was elected to succeed a Radical, and a Republican was elected to the Senate in the Gironde.

Labour questions have been prominent in France of late. The glassworkers' strike is drawing to a close. The workmen at Fourmies have been condemned by the Conseil de Prud'hommes to pay damages to the masters for breach of contract, under a statute originally, it is said, introduced for application to employers. A motion inviting the Chamber to take steps to promote an arrangement was negatived on Tuesday by 285 to 161. The Committee of the Senate on the new Factory Act has decided to recommend the exemption of adult females from its provisions.

Both in France and Germany, at present, the "protectors" of women of the town have recently attracted a good deal of attention. The Minister of Justice is understood to be devising legislation that will enable the police to reach them more effectually. The French criminal law already provides punishment for them as vagabonds; but at present they escape by also exercising the trade of bookmakers. But the notice this class has attracted in Berlin—owing to a recent trial in which one of them figured prominently, and to the "Jack-the-Ripper" murder in that town on Sunday night—has drawn a well-meant rescript from the Emperor, demanding from his Ministry immediate proposals for legislation on public morals. The rescript is

unconstitutional in form, and seems to demand that pressure should be put on juries to convict, which is more unconstitutional still. The public are to be absolutely excluded from the courts during the trial of such cases, and those advocates "who bring about the triumph of wrong by frivolous defences" are to be severely dealt with—provisions which do more credit to the author's morals than to his experience. His views are even more simple than those of the Congress which recently met in Dresden, and proposed to purify public morals by Sunday closing and the liberal use of the lash.

The German Socialist party held a large meeting at Berlin on Sunday, which (after the advanced members had been forcibly expelled) expressed its satisfaction at the results of the recent Congress at Erfurt. It is expected, however, that the party will break up. The seceders are to have an organ of their own: and Herr Vollmar (who, like Schulze Delitzsch when Lassalle led the party, counsels voluntary association in preference to State action) will very likely detach the middle-class element, which is Socialist because it is Radical and anti-Bismarckian.

Great excitement has been caused in Austria by the discovery of simple but effective turf frauds, by means of the *pari-mutuel*. Various leading members of society are said to be implicated.

Our Copenhagen correspondent writes: No constitutional country in the world is likely to witness more extraordinary proceedings in connection with its annual budget than it has been Denmark's lot to do for many years. The two Houses—the Upper (the Landsting) and the Lower (the Folkething)—having for upwards of a decade failed to agree about a budget, the Government has had to "make other arrangements." A way out of the difficulty has been found in Clause 25 of the constitution, according to which the Government can issue provisional laws "in cases of emergency and when Parliament is not assembled." The expiration of the yearly budget (such as it is) undeniably produces an emergency, and as Government cannot issue provisional laws whilst Parliament sits, the King prorogues Parliament the last day of the financial year. The first time this happened it *did* nearly cause some sort of a disturbance; but now it has grown into a time-honoured custom, of which no one even dreams of taking any notice. This happens on April 1st every year. Parliament meets again on the first Monday in October. The provisional budget, which has then already run half its time, is then brought before the House by the Premier, who is also Minister of Finance, generally early in the session—not early enough, however, for the Opposition; their righteous wrath demands immediate satisfaction. Some member introduces the wicked provisional budget into the Folkething, where it is, of course, duly rejected—this year by 60 to 13. The Highest Court has decided that the budget cannot be introduced by private initiative. And the real provisional budget may be introduced the very next day by its only proper sponsor, the Minister of Finance; but the Opposition (that is, the Opposition of the Lower House) makes its futile protest nevertheless.

The Belgian Liberals are organising for the Revision campaign, and contemplate a demonstration at some date not yet fixed. The bulk of the party seem inclined to support Universal Suffrage, and maintain a close union with the Labour party.

The "programme speech" of the Italian Premier at Milan is to be delivered on November 9th.

Meyringen, so well known to Swiss tourists, was almost entirely burnt down in about three hours on Sunday morning. The fire, which arose through an over-heated stove, was driven through the village by a heavy gale. The inhabitants had to run for their lives—in some cases abandoning their furniture after it was actually loaded on carts; and such was the force of the wind that a shower of charred paper descended at Darlingen, on the Lake of Thun,

seventeen miles off in a direct line. The value of the buildings, about £80,000, is covered by insurance, as also much of that of the furniture burnt; but the temporary distress is great. Prompt measures have been taken for its relief.

The Russian famine is as bad as ever; but there is little fresh news, except that anti-Jewish riots have again broken out. Turkey has absolutely prohibited the immigration of destitute Jews.

The Bulgarian Speech from the Throne, delivered on Monday, makes no reference to foreign politics, but promises internal reforms, calculated to attract foreign capital.

The insurrection in Yemen is totally quelled, according to official information. Unofficial information, of course, tells a very different tale.

A serious election riot has occurred in Cordoba, in Argentina. The Liberal and Radical sections of the Union Civica quarrelled, and the police retired to the housetops and fired impartially on both the contending parties. This conduct may possibly be explained by the fact that Cordoba is a Celmanite stronghold.

The difficulty between the United States and Chili looks very serious. A fortnight ago liberty-men from the United States warship *Baltimore* were assaulted, apparently without provocation, by the Valparaiso mob, one at least being killed and several severely injured. The police arrested and detained a number of Americans. The riot is said to be due to the alleged Balmacedist sympathies of the United States squadron, and of the United States Ambassador, Mr. Patrick Egan. On the direct initiative of President Harrison, it is said, a naval demonstration against Chili is projected in revenge for the insult to the United States flag—which, unless the Chilean torpedo boats should be astonishingly successful, could only have one result. On Thursday the Chilean Government refused satisfaction, pending investigation by its own authorities. Considering the difficulties which beset the Provisional Government, the action of the United States seems over-hasty, and it is to be hoped that calmer counsels may prevail at Washington.

THE RUSSIAN FRONTIER ON THE DANUBE.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE IN CROSSING IT.

INSTEAD of returning home from Galatz by the quickest way, I thought it might be instructive to run over to Odessa, and from there by easy stages reach the Baltic and the Channel. My canoe, in which I had come from the source of the Danube as far as Widin, Bulgaria, I saw safely stowed upon a steamer bound up the river, and with it I sent all luggage that might possibly cause delay at the frontier. Then I looked about for a vehicle to carry me from this easternmost town of Roumania to the nearest railway station on Russian soil. Murray's guide to Russia, as well as the principal atlases, both English and German, indicated a railway between Galatz and Reni, but this was a mistake, as I quickly discovered. The distance to the Russian frontier is called ten miles, and thence to the Russian railway at Reni is at least five more. I offered much money, but could find no driver in Galatz bold enough to take me amongst the Russians. I offered to procure a passport for them from the Russian consul, but this they assured me would not be respected; they might be kidnapped into the army, clapped off to Siberia, sent to jail—they were not sure what shape their punishment might take, but they one and all declined, through fear of bodily harm. This proves nothing except the confidence inspired by the officials across the Pruth.

The only thing for me to do, therefore, was to drive as far as the boundary and then take my

chance. My baggage consisted of a waterproof sailor's bag containing the remnants of my camping wardrobe—mostly books and maps, and a large ulster that I used sometimes as a makeshift bed. The road to the Pruth lay for the most part along the edge of a vast lagoon of the Danube, the river itself being hid from me by low marshy tracts covered with reeds. Water-fowl of many kinds were abundant, herons, flamingoes, ducks, and sea-gulls. But it was the savage lonesomeness of the stretch that made most impression upon me. But for the telegraph poles, supporting a single wire, there was scarcely a sign of civilisation between the important town I had left and the railway terminus I was seeking. The road was more like a dirt track than a commercial highway, and would be difficult to find in thick weather were it not for the telegraph poles. After a journey of more than an hour of rough jolting we drew up at a shabby house, from which emerged a Roumanian, who demanded my passport, which, as he could not understand it, he handed back with much grumbling.

The Pruth, which here separates Russia from Roumania, is no larger than the Thames at Oxford, and I expected to find at least a bridge, possibly a cab, for this is the shortest route between Galatz and Odessa. There was no bridge, however, so I procured a man to paddle me across in a native dug-out canoe, reminding me of those in use by the natives of Florida and British Guiana. This man had, apparently, a dread of Russia as genuine as that of the Galatz drivers, for he would not carry my bag up to the Customs House, but dumped it on the mud bank of the stream, and hurried back to Roumania. At each end of this little ferry stood a soldier, forming a link in a vast chain of frontier guards—5,000 on the Roumanian and 25,000 on the Russian side, who are night and day vigilantly on the look-out for a smuggler, a suspect, or a Jew. A villainous-looking official slouched down to the Russian sentry-box as I climbed up the river bank and ordered me into the only house to be seen, where sat another of the same type, who was soon joined by several fellows stamped with official savagery. George Kennan has described this type in the language he uses about one he met with in Kachinski—an inspector of police—"an evil-looking miscreant with green, shifty feline eyes, who, without his uniform, would have been taken anywhere for a particularly bad type of common convict." The moment I looked at these men I began to wish myself back, even in Roumania.

My passport was, of course, immediately demanded in an insolent manner, and while three looked on, the fourth attempted to examine it critically and write down my name. As, however, no one of them knew French, German, or Latin, our attempts at an understanding proved abortive, and as none of them understood a word of my passport, they concluded that my name must be the first word that was in script, which happened to be the word Plenipotentiary. My name is therefore to-day entered in the police chronicle of Bessarabia as Mr. Plenipotentiary, my Christian name being put down as Minister. Much shaking of heads occurred over the fact that the passport was dated London, while the superscription was that of the American State Department, they evidently regarding this as an evidence of sharp practice of some kind. They asked me many questions in a very rough manner, but as I made all my answers in English, they finally gave me up, and proceeded to rummage my sailor's bag. I happened to have the last number of *THE SPEAKER*, a copy of *Punch*, and a large work in German on the lower Danube. All my notes I had carefully concealed next to my skin. *Punch* and *THE SPEAKER* they studied carefully and at length, but the work that disturbed them most was the tamest of all books, Heck's "Danube," in German, with many illustrations. This they fumbled page for page while I stared at a large chromo of the Czar, which occupied nearly all of one side of the room.

As it took me more than an hour to pass this frontier with only a boat-bag for luggage, I calculated that at this rate not more than twelve people could conveniently run the gauntlet in any one day. It is needless to say that my boat-bag was completely turned inside out and every article examined to the smallest, and that no effort was made to assist me in putting the articles back again. I was treated exactly as though I had been found guilty of a gross offence and was before particularly offensive judges.

At last I was permitted to leave. I asked no questions, but taking the points of the compass by the sun, struck a trail which I judged would bring me to Reni in a couple of hours; and it did. But my tramp was made on the hottest day of a hot and dry season, and my boat-bag and ulster weighed very much before I had gone the full five miles. I took off my coat, rolled up my sleeves, and trudged along in the dust, grateful only that I had passed the customs without having been locked up pending examination. Half-way on my tramp, as nearly as I could calculate, I passed several earthworks well situated to command the Danube against a descending flotilla, and ready to receive three batteries at least. Shortly beyond these I found a little tree, in the shade of which I sat down to cool off and make a few notes. My tramp had been along the edge of a swamp on one side and a bare prairie on the other; and only one peasant cart passed me as I trudged in the dust and heat. Near the earthworks were two large compounds formed by four brick walls thick enough to resist old-fashioned light artillery, about fourteen feet high and, from my estimate, four hundred feet long in each direction. In the midst of each compound was a building of brick at which men were busy repairing the roofs and making the windows smaller. The casual passer would have said that it was being arranged as a store house for war material. It did not invite a nearer inspection, as many of the busy people wore uniform hats.

And so I sweated along to Reni, which is, after seeing many villages of Holy Russia, perhaps the dirtiest, shabbiest hole that is at present used for human habitation outside of China. The principal industry of the town appeared to be the filling of magazines with grain, and as the English papers were then full of accounts of a famine all over the country, I could not but be surprised that it should be stored here on the very frontier of Roumania, and that the people who did the storing appeared all to wear official caps. Had this grain been intended for the famishing millions of the Czar's people, it would have been taken to the railway or to the boats in the river, and thence shipped to the points of distress; but here it seemed to be stored up in order to feed any troops that might be needed at this particular point of the frontier. What I saw was so highly suggestive of various things, that I paused a few moments to think it over—and that was wrong I discovered, for an official of the type described by Kennan came up to me, and in a snarling, insolent tone of voice snapped out the ominous word "Pass."

I was not sketching, was not making notes, had committed no crime, beyond appearing to be a foreigner, and for this was treated in the open highway as though I had come to rob a Russian hen-roost. Of course I pulled out my document, and though this brute, like the others, could understand nothing of its contents, he commenced to mutter at me, indicating that it was not in order, and that I must come with him. Now this was the last thing that I had a mind to do, and I was saved by the lucky accident of a crowd collecting about me, and with it a physician who spoke French fluently and who offered to interpret for me. This gentleman explained the passport to the feline, tallow-skinned, pink-eyed official, who was thus robbed of an excuse for making some money out of me, and I was allowed to walk on. The physician

saluted me coldly as we separated on the street, and I regretted it, as he appeared to be of superior breeding. The explanation came soon, however, for when we met by accident in the dirty hotel of Reni, the manner of the man was quite changed. He was cordiality itself, but gave me to understand that it would not do for him to appear to have any sympathy whatever with an outsider. He was a Greek, he said, who was resident here when the country was Roumanian, and after it passed under Russian rule he had secured a small official post in connection with his profession. He was going back to Athens in a few weeks, however, as life in Russia was becoming daily more intolerable to a man of education or liberal ideas, particularly if he was not Russian in every respect. He had come to this hotel to see a patient, he said; shook me warmly by the hand, as no one was watching us, and we parted. He is now safely over the frontier, or I should not dare mention this.

Reni is a ragged, dirty village, with broad, unmade streets choking with dust, and rough peasant houses, or rather cabins. I made my way to the railway station, and found here a terminus fit for a metropolis. No one here could speak anything but Russian, and only by pantomime did I discover that there was no train for Odessa until the day following. So I strolled about the place, and wondered why they needed so much railway terminus for a place that connected nothing but a swamp and a rolling, naked prairie. Here are three well-made side tracks, one a thousand, a second nine hundred, and the last eight hundred yards long. These tracks are surrounded by a palisade of wooden planks steeped in tar; and as the arrangements cannot have been made with any reference to the commercial requirements of this dirty village, and the grass and weeds have grown up luxuriantly between the tracks, the casual stroller is inclined to think that this elaborate station was made so as to be handy when it is determined to seize the mouth of the Danube for the benefit of Russian trade.

When I boarded my train on the morning following, I counted six passengers distributed amongst six railway carriages, and twelve men in uniform, who seemed to belong in some way to the train. The locomotive was made at Chemnitz in Germany, and pulled us along a very rough road at the rate of fourteen and a half miles an hour to Bender, where I changed to another road for Odessa. The first thing I did on arrival was to hunt up the best book shop, kept by a German, and try to get some works on Russia. "There is only one good book on Russia," said the head of the house, "and that I cannot give you. It is by George Kennan." Had I ever been disposed to doubt this man's statement, that disposition would have been altered by an experience I had between Reni and Odessa, in a third-class compartment, closeted with an honest, intelligent, and thoroughly persecuted German colonist of Bessarabia. This I shall perhaps tell at another time.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

THE PANTELLARIA ERUPTION.

TO those who are acquainted with the history of volcanic action in the Mediterranean region the occurrence of a submarine eruption in the neighbourhood of Pantellaria is no matter for surprise. In July, 1831, John Corrao, in command of a small Sicilian vessel sailing between Sicily and Pantellaria, saw a column of water, sixty feet high and eight hundred yards in circumference, rise from the surface of the Mediterranean. This was followed by a pillar of dense steam, which rose to a height of nearly two thousand feet. Returning from Girgenti a week later, Corrao found a small low volcanic island with a still active crater in its centre, from which dense clouds of steam were rising, and volcanic ejectamenta were being shot forth. The

sea around was covered with floating scorise, among which were many dead fish. The new volcano continued in activity for a month or so, and the island which resulted from the accumulation of the ejected materials reached a height of two hundred feet and a circumference of not less than three miles. But an island built of so loose and ill-compacted a material as volcanic scorise was not likely long to resist the action of the waves. A month later it was only three-fifths of a mile in circumference, its greatest height being then little over a hundred feet; and by the end of the year no vestige of the volcano remained visible above the level of the sea, though a dangerous oval reef, about three-fifths of a mile in extent, marked the spot where the island—to which zealous geographers had given no less than seven names—had existed. In the centre of this shoal, some ten feet below the surface of the water, was a black rock a hundred and fifty feet in diameter. There can be little doubt that this was the central plug of lava that had solidified in the volcanic vent.

The shoal which still marks the site of Graham Island is about midway between Pantellaria and Sciacca on the south-west coast of Sicily. So far as we can gather from the somewhat meagre reports which have reached us, the new submarine volcano is a good deal nearer Pantellaria. It forms a low island nearly three thousand feet in length, and, like Graham Island, is composed of scorise, or what is described in the telegrams as "stones and rubbish." If we may judge from the teachings of the occurrences in 1831, the eruption may still continue for some time, and the island may become a more marked feature in the Mediterranean than it now is. But it is highly improbable that it will be more permanent than Graham Island, or than the island of Sabrina, which in 1811 was formed in a similar manner off St. Michael's in the Azores—unless, indeed, the eruptions be accompanied by the welling-out of lava.

As is usual, seismic disturbances seem to have preceded the final outburst of submarine volcanic activity. Before the formation of Graham Island Sir Pulteney Malcolm, sailing between Sicily and Pantellaria, felt earthquake shocks—so violent that it seemed as if the ship had struck on a reef. For many years before the first recorded eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79, the surrounding country was again and again shaken with violent earthquakes, which, we are told, shattered Herculaneum and Pompeii, though it did not destroy them; and as the moment of eruption approached, these seismic disturbances became so violent that the whole country seemed "to reel and totter." So, too, in the case of the great eruption of Krakatao in 1883, the surrounding district—in which the volcanoes had been quiescent for 200 years—was repeatedly and violently shaken, Java's First Point Lighthouse being rent by earthquake shock towards the close of 1880. We have drawn attention to these two great eruptions, and the violent earthquakes which preceded them, because they serve to illustrate the fact that the violence of the preceding earthquakes is, in some degree, a measure of the violence of the succeeding eruption. Now, although earthquake shocks seem to have been felt in Pantellaria and in Sicily, they do not appear to have been of great violence, and we may, perhaps, fairly infer that the activity of the new volcanic centre will not be of more than moderate intensity or duration. It must not be supposed, however, from the close association of preceding earthquakes and volcanic activity, that the earthquakes are to be regarded as the cause of the eruption that succeeds them. It would be nearer the mark to say that the eruption is the cause of the earthquakes. But even this mode of expressing the relation of the one to the other is unsatisfactory, and it is better to regard both the eruption and the seismic disturbances which precede or accompany it as due to a common cause. What that cause may be we are even now scarcely in a position to say. That the phenomena are due to molten rock forcing

its way upwards from lower levels within the earth's crust to the surface is highly probable. But what produces the impelling force, urging it upwards, is a matter that is still under discussion. Like the origin of mountain ranges and other questions of dynamical geology, this is, and is likely to remain to a large extent, a matter of speculation. But when once the lava is in some way pumped up to within reach of a volcanic vent, the further phenomena of volcanic activity are not difficult of explanation. For the lava is saturated with water, or its vapour at a high pressure; and when this pressure is removed, the red-hot water flashes into steam, which surges from the crater and bears with it fragments of lava-froth, bits of solidified lava-scum, rounded bombs of semi-molten rock, and occasional fragments of the limestone or other rocks through which the crater-neck passes. These and their like constitute the "stones and rubbish" which are now accumulating round the new vent in the neighbourhood of Pantellaria. In the early stages of eruption the ebullition of the lava due to the constant disengagement of its imprisoned water is too violent and rapid to allow of the pouring forth of the rock as a molten stream. Hence in great paroxysmal eruptions—such as that of Vesuvius in A.D. 79, and the recent outburst at Krakatao—lava-flows have formed no feature of the paroxysm; and where the free outpouring of lava occurs, it is generally a sign that the crisis of the eruption has been reached.

The submarine eruption near Pantellaria in 1831 was not confined to the single crater of Graham Island. To the south-west of the new island the constant agitation of the sea and the formation of a pillar of steam marked the existence of an additional vent; and a second submerged rock in the shoal that eventually marked the site of the eruptions, probably indicated the position of this subsidiary channel, through which the imprisoned steam, and the lava from which it rose, found egress. It will be interesting to learn whether the new Mediterranean eruptions are confined to one channel, or whether other subsidiary vents are established. The exact nature of the scorise—the so-called volcanic "cinders" and "ashes"—will no doubt be determined by geologists who devote themselves to volcanic action in the Mediterranean; and our distinguished countryman, Dr. H. J. Johnston-Lavis, will perhaps be enabled to visit the new island and give us exhaustive information on the subject. The scorise which composed Graham Island were said to be chocolate in colour; and this, together with the black rock in the midst of the shoal, surrounded as it was with black volcanic fragments, points to a basic, perhaps basaltic, lava. The alignment of the new vent with those of 1831 and with Etna and other established centres will also be a matter of no little interest, as it may give indications of a line of fissure in this part of the earth's crust.

THE HOMELESS POOR.

THE first and most important question in regard to the "homeless poor" is that of their number; and we are indebted to a Special Committee of the Charity Organisation Society for an estimate* which is probably the most precise yet obtained, and which, with all its inadequacy, may reassure us somewhat after recent alarms. In fact, under the rigorous scrutiny of these our philanthropic inquisitors, the outcasts of London dwindle away, or seem to dwindle away, till not one in thirteen of General Booth's terrible thirty-three thousand remain. How is this happy result arrived at?

Partly, of course, we have to thank the evolution of the "Darkest England" statistics. Enough has been said by Mr. Loch and others of the rough-and-

* "The Homeless Poor of London." Report of a Special Committee of the Charity Organisation Society, June, 1891. Published by the Society, 15, Buckingham Street, W.C.